THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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CHRISTMAS

[INSTEAD of Namratā's usual leading article, we reprint below an essay appropriate to the season from an old issue of THE ARYAN PATH, slightly curtailed. Though twenty years and more have passed since its composition they have in no way impaired the interest and value of these reflections on the universal aspect of the great festival.—ED.]

CHRISTMAS is generally known as the festival of the nativity of Christ. It

The Index to Volume XXX, January-December 1959, of THE ARYAN PATH *will follow with the January 1960 issue.*

familiar with numerous Sun-Gods [illegible]
winter solstice, round about the 21st of December. Thus the Romans were celebrating the Rite of Mithra which they had adopted from Persia, and the birth of Mithra, the Sun-God, was celebrated on the 25th of December. Gibbon in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* says:—

> The Roman Christians, ignorant of the real date of Christ's birth, fixed the solemn festival on the 25th of December, the *Brumalia*, or Winter Solstice, when the Pagans annually celebrated the Birth of Sol.

From Central America where civilization flourished in far distant times we have the examples of Mexican, Aztec and Yucatan Gods, all born of Virgin mothers and all born round about the 25th of December. I have a very interesting quotation from the historian, the Venerable Bede, who lived in the eighth century. This is what he says [of ancient Britons]:—

> The ancient people of the Angli began the year on the 25th December when we now celebrate the Birthday of the Lord; and the very night

> which is now so holy to us, they called in their tongue "modranecht," that is, the mother's night, by reason we suspect of the ceremonies which in that night-long vigil they performed.

The Christmas festival is the drama, the representation of a divine and mysterious event—the Birth of Christos, the Avatara. It is a drama that the early Christians borrowed from the Pagans, and it is good that they so borrowed it; but unfortunately its real significance is not understood by the masses of Christendom today, nor is it explained to them. Jesus was not born on this day; the early Christians incorporated in their religion this festival, feeling the need for it in a moral and spiritual way.

We shall study Christmas as the festival of birth—the Birth of Divinity, of Christos, of Avalokiteshwara, of Krishna. In the process of human evolution, in accordance with the great Law of Cycles, cosmically, Divinity manifests through special Incarnations, and, psychologically, in special ways. The doctrine of Avataras or Divine Incarnations has two phases or aspects: one cosmical, the second psychological. There are appearances, of great cosmic Avataras, they are macrocosmic phenomena; secondly, in our own individual human unfoldment there are appearances, the afflatus of our own Divinity, our own spiritual Atma, and such are microcosmic phenomena. Nothing takes place in Nature that does not also occur in the human kingdom; and the appearance of Great Avataras has its counterpart in the life of men and women. The Great Birth, the Supreme Birth, is that very rare phenomenon in Nature when in a human individual, evolving onwards and upwards, the Great Purusha, Uttama-Purusha, enters and manifests Himself. Evolution in the human kingdom is a long process; yuga after yuga, man struggles; he sins and suffers and grows as he attempts to gain virtue and abandon vice; after many lives he frees himself from the enslavement of Nature, Prakriti, he becomes pure, śuddha, and then he develops higher spiritual powers or siddhis, and becomes a Siddha—Proven-Soul, a Perfected Soul. Then he becomes fit to hold in the casket of his heart the living Image of Uttama-Purusha, the Supreme Man, call Him Krishna or call Him Christ, call Him Mithra or call Him Osiris, call Him Odin or call Him Apollo. This is the Great Mystery, the advent of the Divine Man into the Living Temple of the Human Heart. It is to this secret and sacred Mystery that the Gita refers when it says that "among thousands of mortals a single one perhaps strives for perfection and among those so striving perhaps a single one knows me as I am." This rare Being is described in the same chapter as the "Mahatma difficult to find."

Now come to the psychological aspect: Each one of us has a dual nature; it is not merely the duality of lower and higher or evil and good; it is the

duality of two distinct lines or pedigrees which mix and mingle in man. In part of our nature each one of us is a lunar being—a Chandra Vamshi; in another part of our being we are solar—Surya Vamshi....

Now note—the Moon has one very striking characteristic: it changes in its phases every hour, every day. From crescent to half, from half to gibbous, from gibbous to full, then waning from full it becomes new and is invisible for a day or so. This is a good representation of our personal nature—ever changing.

Look at the Sun: it is ever full, rises and sets every day in the glory of fullness. This is our higher nature—the spiritual Individuality....

When the lunar or personal nature comes under the control and guidance of the solar or spiritual it becomes full of radiance and light. We must make an effort to be born as the full moon, to live as the full moon and to die as the full moon. That is the message of the Buddha Festival. It is said that He was born at full moon, He attained Nirvana at full moon, He passed away when the moon was full.

Our practical question now is how shall we increase, how shall we enhance the power of the Solar Pedigree in us so that here on earth we may shine like the moon when it is full. *The Voice of the Silence* says: "Destroy thy lunar body," that is, the kama-rupa, and "cleanse they mind-body," that is, the manasa-rupa. These two forms of life have to be dealt with—the destruction of kama, passion; the cleansing of manas, mind. These two processes are simultaneous, must go together; mind cleansing produces the death of kama. The final death of the lower passions brings to birth the Higher Man. Living as desire entities we are familiar with the phenomenon of death. We say we are born to die. Every child who is born is sure only of one thing—that it is going to die.

The festival of Christmas brings to human attention the Miracle of Birth. Why not so live that life is a perpetual creation, a series of births? It is rightly said that death disappoints the Soul; then why not take precautions against the snare of death? We die perpetually, continuously, because of delusion, moha, born of ignorance, avidya. The Birth of the Soul if perpetually brought about by kriya-shakti, creative activity, would take human beings not from death to death, but from one birth or awakening to another birth and awakening. Let us attempt always to awaken to new realities. The process of ever being born takes place because Atma, the Superior Luminous Self, has begun to create within the purified heart. That Superior Self is Krishna or Christos, the Uttama-Purusha, the Divine Man, and His Birth is the real celebration of Christmas.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POETRY

[**Mr. Peter Malekin,** a sensitive and discerning student of English literature, has written many fine essays for THE ARYAN PATH. In this long essay he surveys famous theories regarding the nature of poetry and its moral effect on man.

The first part, published last month, brought the survey to the end of the eighteenth century. This is the second and concluding part. — ED.]

II

THE DIFFERENCE between the neo-classical writers and the first generation of the Romantics is not as great as it would at first sight appear. The two groups are bound together as writers by a common didacticism. Wordsworth, in his preface to the 1800 edition of the *Lyrical Ballads,* said:—

> The principal object then which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to make the incidents of common life interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement.

He claimed that if all his experiments had not succeeded, at least his poems were distinguished by their "worthy *purpose.*" It may easily be seen how close this attitude is to that of Johnson in the passage cited above. This clinging to a purpose beyond the poetry itself was sometimes damaging to the work of Wordsworth and Coleridge—witness the rather trite and quite inadequate moral which Coleridge affixed to the end of *The Ancient Mariner.* If that were all that were expressed by *The Ancient Mariner,* then the poem would not be worth the trouble necessary to read it.

It is only the later generations of the Romantics that begin to shake off the idea that poetry should be propaganda for psychology or moral philosophy or religion. Keats seems to me to have been right when he said that we dislike poetry which has a palpable design on us.

Shelley, perhaps the greatest enthusiast for the betterment of humanity that has ever lived, returned in his theory of poetry to the original assumptions made by Plato and challenged them. He denied the whole idea that poetry affects morals by the examples it gives in the behaviour of its heroes:—

> The whole objection, however, of the immorality of poetry rests upon a misconception of the manner in which poetry acts to produce the

moral improvement of man. Ethical science arranges the elements which poetry has created, and propounds schemes and proposes examples of civil and domestic life: nor is it for want of admirable doctrines that men hate, and despise, and censure, and deceive, and subjugate one another. But poetry acts in another and diviner manner. It awakens and enlarges the mind itself by rendering it the receptacle of a thousand unapprehended combinations of thought....The great secret of morals is love; or a going out of our nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause....Poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb. A poet therefore would do ill to embody his own conceptions of right and wrong, which are usually those of his place and time, in his poetical creations, which participate in neither. By this assumption of the inferior office of interpreting the effect, in which perhaps after all he might acquit himself but imperfectly, he would resign a glory in a participation in the cause. There was little danger that Homer, or any of the eternal poets, should have so far misunderstood themselves as to have abdicated this throne of their widest dominion. Those in whom the poetical faculty, though great, is less intense, as Euripides, Lucan, Tasso, Spenser, have frequently affected a moral aim, and the effect of their poetry is diminished in exact proportion to the degree in which they compel us to advert to this purpose. (*A Defence of Poetry*)

While he rejects the moral censorship of *The Republic* and the social didacticism of Plato and Johnson, Shelley retains the conception of poetry as something divine (Plato's conception in the *Ion*) and the conception of poetry as the sum of all human knowledge (the conception of Imlac in *The History of Rasselas Prince of Abissinia*).

Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life.

Poetry is therefore akin to Plato's divine madness, something subject to inspiration:—

Poetry is not like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the

> determination of the will...this power arises from within...and the conscious portions of our natures are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure.

Just as for Johnson, so for Shelley, the poet influences future generations, but the difference in the way in which he does it is very marked:—

> Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

With the influence of psychoanalysis on æsthetic theory, a return was made to the Aristotelian conception of art as an outlet for the emotions. According to Freud, the poet, far from being supernaturally inspired, was a neurotic suffering from an unresolved conflict in his subconscious mind. When he wrote the poet was impelled to express this inner conflict and he paradoxically obtained social success by externalizing the cause of his own social unfitness.

The psychoanalytical approach has oddly led to a blending of Platonic and Aristotelian ideas in the thought of some critics. Since the patterns of human relationships are to some degree constant, there are certain mental conflicts which must be experienced by all men at some time or other, *e.g.*, the pattern of the Œdipus relationship is, on the Freudian view, repeated in each generation; for the son will automatically experience and usually repress or sublimate a sexual desire for his mother and an inclination to kill and replace his father. The poet, by expressing one of these recurring patterns, as Sophocles did in *Œdipus the King*, hits an archetype of psychological experience. The Platonic archetype is therefore transferred to the realm of the emotions, and the Aristotelian idea of poetry as an emotional purgative retained. The Jungian idea of a racial subconscious makes the archetypes of mental experience even more universal. There is a very interesting analysis, on psychoanalytic lines, of *The Ancient Mariner* as a rebirth myth in Maud Bodkin's *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry*.

Not all modern psychological criticism implies that the artist is a mental invalid. I. A. Richards is an example of a thinker who, while holding that art produces a balance among conflicting human desires, believes the artist himself to have a more highly integrated organism than most men.

Plato is sometimes held responsible for another facet of literary theory. Both Roman Catholicism and Communism in the contemporary world exert a censorship on literature, and both of them share with Plato the idea that the artist has a direct duty to society. There is, however, a very important.

difference between the censorship practised by these bodies and that advocated by Plato, for Plato censored immoral examples in works of art, but left freedom for an intellectual attack on his conceptions of right and wrong, whereas neither the Roman Church nor the Communist Party brook disagreement with their ideologies.

As has been indicated, the influence of both Plato and Aristotle on the whole body of Western æsthetics has been immense. The advantage of going back to these two philosophers in considering Western artistic thought is that most of the problems which arise find their origin in the assumptions made by the two Greeks.

It seems to me very doubtful whether poetry and literature do influence moral practice in the simple and direct way indicated by Plato in *The Republic*. Nor does it seem to me that a purely allegorical explanation of great poetry is in the least satisfactory. As for the code of censorship advocated in *The Republic*, it is surely sufficiently condemned when we realize that to enforce it would be to dispose at one sweep of Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Homer and almost all the great literature of the world. Aristotle's theory that art concerns itself with the emotions does not, on the other hand, seem any more satisfactory. It is clear from experience that the mind, the emotions and state of the body are closely bound up together, and art certainly affects these things, even the state of the body. If one conceives of man as devoid of an active spiritual element in his make-up, an element not constrained within the limits of his personal consciousness, then it may be feasible to account for the very complete satisfaction given by art on the basis of its effects on the emotions alone. Otherwise one must be driven, as Shelley was, towards the conception of art to be found in Plato's *Ion*.

The theory in the *Ion*, however, goes rather far in the other direction. It is true that art is not merely technique, but it is surely also true that technique is necessary to art. Art may be a gift, but it is a gift that has to be worked for, and worked for very hard at that.

Of all the views mentioned here, Shelley's appears the most satisfactory. It does not seem to me, as it has seemed to some, that Shelley discounts technique in poetry. Nor does a belief in inspiration necessarily imply a disbelief in reason; the two things may work together in support of each other. Even if we assume that there is a spiritual super-conscious as well as a subconscious to our minds, we need reason to tell us whether our inspiration is genuine and a training in technique to give that inspiration expression. Perhaps the greatest advantage of all about Shelley's ideas is that they do away with the notion of art as imitation of things outside

ourselves; art is rather for Shelley a language expressing thoughts which lie too deep for our consciousness. One might add that such thoughts are incapable of receiving expression in words as they are normally used; otherwise a paraphrase would be as great as a poem, and the allegorical interpreters of art would be back in one bound. In support of this contention I would appeal to the difference between a work of art and its "interpretation" or "explanation."

The theory of art as imitation really will not hold water. The rounded and undulating forms of certain types of Indian statuary, the muscular solidity of Michelangelo's painting, the intellectual nobility of the finest Greek statues, or the elongated form and ascetic fire of the masterpieces of Byzantine work do not exist in physical nature. Similarly some of the greatest works of literature, such as the *Œdipus at Colonus* or *King Lear* certainly do not owe their greatness to the likelihood of their plots. Music is fortunate in being the least likely of all the arts to be burdened with theories of imitation.

On a final analysis perhaps there is no artistic theory which will satisfy everyone. Each one's ideas on the subject depend to a great extent on the assumptions he makes about the nature of man and the nature of consciousness, and these in turn depend upon his whole philosophy of life. No theory, either one's own or that of others, can be definitely proved or disproved, though some theories account for a wider variety of artistic creation than others do.

Certain assumptions about art seem to me acceptable, though many would disagree with them. The greatest art appeals to all the elements of a man's nature, from his spiritual faculties (even those normally dormant) down to his physical senses, and in his moment of awareness of great art a man reacts with the greatest degree of integration of which he is capable. All art is, however, not great art, and there may be many works of art which express a partial integration of the personality about some partially assimilated idea or overriding passion. Such a work of art may have injurious moral effects, but, as Shelley pointed out, there is no ready and easy way of labelling a work of art good or bad, for the effect does not depend on any one element in the work but on the work as a whole; pornographic or sadistic elements may certainly exist in a great work of art, but the result of the work as a whole will not be pornography or sadism. To take a modern example, the Japanese film *The Seven Samurai* has all the elements of sadism in it, but it is not a sadistic film, nor is the effect it makes one of delight in violence; rather it beneficially includes and transcends the violent elements in experience.

Any intellectual "message" seems to limit and not to aid a work of art. One of the greatnesses of Shakespeare is that no one can draw an intellectualized system of thought out of his work; or rather that everyone can, and in each case the system will be different. Shakespeare is full of intellectual interest, but he is not blinkered by any rigid intellectual point of view. Both Dante and Milton succeed because their imaginative conceptions are greater than their intellectual systems.

The fact that there are archetypal patterns in psychological experience does not of course mean that the interpretation placed on them by modern psychology is necessarily either the complete or the only explanation to be given to them. The psychological archetypes may themselves be copies of higher archetypes. Also there is no reason to assume that all poems are produced or that all poets compose in the same manner. While lesser poetry may concern itself primarily with the emotions or mind, I believe that the greatest expresses what the poet has seen of a spiritual reality within all men and that it may convey something of that vision to the reader. How the reader reacts to that vision and what it means to him emotionally and intellectually must vary from reader to reader and will also vary for the same man as he reads and rereads a poem with the slowly accumulating experience of a lifetime.

PETER MALEKIN

WORDSWORTH

I turn to you again as to a friend
And find the same old magic in your verse
Placid as pools upon a windless day
And with sublime philosophy imbued ;
A humble man you seem, with faith in one
Eternal Being, and a mind devout
That in the commonest flower observes with joy
The artistry of one great Architect.
No superficial brilliance is yours,
Yet strong emotion permeates your thoughts,
Beneath their limpid surface gleams delight
Almost too exquisite for utterance
And with the years grown mellow like old wine.

HERBERT BLUEN

FRANCIS THOMPSON

December 18th, 1859—November 13th, 1907

[OUR young contributor, **Shrimati Prema Nandakumar**, has already given us an interesting essay on "Two Views of the Ramayana." In this copiously illustrated appreciation she writes of Francis Thompson, whose birth centenary falls in this month. We are glad to be able to publish it in observance of the event. Francis Thompson was a rare soul, and students of spiritual life must hold "precious dear" his major mystical poem: "The Hound of Heaven."—ED.]

FRANCIS THOMPSON passed away on November 13th, 1907, within thirty-five days of his forty-eighth birthday. Born a century ago, his life here "upon this bank and shoal of time" had been a fitful and feverish affair, and he passed most of his days in a visionary coma. Yet out of the dark and the depths came some of the most sublime pieces in English poetry.

Francis Thompson was born in Preston in Lancashire, his parents being a Catholic couple, Mr. Charles Thompson, a doctor, and his wife Mary. The family was by no means literary. But the child was surrounded by an aura of religion and asceticism. Some of his aunts were nuns, and one of his uncles was a clergyman. His own parents were staunch believers, and the whole atmosphere at home was pervaded by the Victorian ideologies of good conduct and strict life. Thompson had his first glimpse of Heaven and its denizens when he read the lives of the saints and gazed at exquisite altars and paintings of the Virgin and the Martyrs. Later, to prepare himself for Orders, he joined the Ushaw College. His masters sent him back, saying that he was too weak to study, too frightened and nervous to move about in society and too sensitive and timid to learn anything of practical value. His mental balance was upset by the Gospel and his religious beliefs on the one hand, and the new-fangled theories of Darwin and Huxley on the other. An intellectual chaos enveloped him, and he frantically sought peace in the company of his beloved mother. To his great agony she died in 1880, abandoning the inconsolable boy to the fathomless zero of an emotional void. Unable to bear this intellectual paralysis and emotional frustration, and spurred on by the *Confessions* of De Quincey, Francis left home to face an uncertain future in London. He had little money and no possessions—except, of course, a couple of books, *viz.*, the *Poems* of William Blake and the *Plays* of Æschylus.

In the streets of London, Francis Thompson tried every profession that came handy, including those of a porter in a book shop, a newspaper boy

and a vendor of matches. His descent to poverty was quick and complete. His one safe shelter was the public libraries, where he managed to forget both his physical sufferings and his mental agonies. Admittance was, however, soon denied to him, as he was too shabbily attired! He could snatch no more the wealth treasured in those vast repositories of knowledge. Fortunately he had taken out with him from the bootmaker's house where he had been briefly employed an old account book with some blank pages. In these were inked in due course the characters of his essay, "Paganism Old and New," a piece of writing that was at last to put him on the way to comfort, companionship, name and fame. He sent the slovenly manuscript of the essay to the Editor of *Merry England,* a journal devoted to Catholic ideals; with the essay went also two of Thompson's poems. Lacking an address, he timidly wrote in the accompanying letter: "Kindly send your rejection to the Charing Cross Post Office."

The Editor of *Merry England* was Wilfrid Meynell. He was delighted with the contribution, but was a trifle late in sending his congratulatory letter, informing Thompson of the acceptance of the article. The disappointed author had already decided to end his life with an overdose of laudanum, and had withdrawn to a den to accomplish it; but the vision of Chatterton flitted across Thompson's mental horizon, and he revived and retraced his steps in time—no mean gain to English literature. No, Thompson decided, no, he wouldn't add himself to the roll of the inheritors of unfulfilled renown; he would strive still, and succeed. He came back to the world, and to his delighted surprise saw "Paganism Old and New" adorning the pages of *Merry England.* Mr. Meynell had done this with promptitude, for he had no other way of quickly establishing contact with his contributor. When Thompson now presented himself in the editorial office of *Merry England,* Mr. Meynell was confronted by a figure in absurdly poor clothing, a face tortured and screwed up like that of a poisoned ghost. Meynell rose to the occasion and offered Thompson the honourable and venturesome career of a man of letters; Thompson gladly and gratefully accepted the offer.

"Paganism Old and New" is Thompson's outstanding achievement in prose, apart from his later, no less celebrated, essay on Shelley. "Paganism Old and New" is an eloquent plea for a meaningful distinction between the transitory nature of the pagan ideas of love and life, and the permanent Christian vision of the Soul and living. There is a veiled reference to his life in the streets of London:—

> And those who, like the present writer, tread as on thorns amidst the sordidness and ugliness, the ugly sordidness and the sordid ugliness, the

> dull materiality and weariness of this unhonoured old age of the world, — cannot but sympathize with these feelings; nay, even look back with a certain passionate regret to the beauty which invested at least the outward life of those days.

But in spite of this troubled sea of modern life and Christian poverty, Thompson prefers it to paganism. For he was a true Christian who cared not for money or its attendant comforts:—

> But, in truth, with this outward life the vesture of beauty ceases: the rest is a day-dream, lovely it is true, but none the less a dream.... Pagan Paganism was not poetical.

This assertion is made because, according to Thompson, no pagan did ever *love* his God; to him God was a beautiful statue, to be admired, not loved. "Now," says Thompson, "without love no poetry can be beautiful; for all beautiful poetry comes from the heart." He proceeds:—

> Christianity it was that stripped the weeds from that garden of Paganism, broke its statue of Priapus, and delivered it smiling and fair to the nations for their playground.

And so on, from one bold blaze of illumination to another and yet another, till the triumphant summing-up:—

> For the poetry of Paganism (with reference to England) was born in the days of Elizabeth and entered on its inheritance in the days of Keats.

An amazing essay, indeed, considering Thompson's assertion that he had immediate access only to two books, Blake and Æschylus.

Now goodbye to penury, suffering, pangs of conscience, and attacks of sickness! Meynell and his wife, Alice, had now taken charge of this vagabond poet, the "enchanted child" of the English Muse. The devoted couple gradually cured Thompson of his addiction to drugs, gave him opportunities to meet kindred souls like monks and mystics, so that his genius could adequately blossom. Having been baptized by his parents and brought up in a religious atmosphere, having bathed in the "metaphysical" springs of Donne, Vaughan, Herbert and Blake and having also been tossed and whirled about in the visions of a drug-addict, Thompson now embarked at last on a career of literary journalism and mystic poetry.

In prose, aside from his appreciations of great figures in English literature such as Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and De Quincey, two essays —his "Shelley" and a long article entitled "Health and Holiness"—stand out as outstanding examples of his critical divination and prose art. The Shelley essay, which was published posthumously, is a brilliant piece of improvisation. George Wyndham read it and at once declared that Thompson's style is "incomparable in the very qualities of rhythm and profuse

illustration." An article in the *Observer* referred to it as a "memorable masterpiece of English prose," and added: "Brilliant, joyous, poignant are these pages of interpretation, as sensitive and magical as the mind of one poet ever lent to the genius of the other." The Catholic in Thompson begins the essay; but it is the sensitive critic in him that concludes it. Thompson's style is as striking as it is inimitable, and the profusion of images lends lustre to his interpretation of Shelley the poet:—

> It is true that he shared the fate of nearly all the great poets contemporary with him, in being unappreciated. Like them, he suffered from critics who were for ever shearing the wild tresses of poetry between rusty rules, who could never see a literary bough project beyond the trim level of its day but they must lop it with a crooked criticism, who kept indomitably planting in the defile of fame the "established canons" that had been spiked by poet after poet.

A subjective criticism of the works of the Aerial Sprite follows, and Shelley is finally summed up as the "towering Genius, whose soul rose like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it."

"Health and Holiness" makes a plea for Christian asceticism, which stands midway between too intellectual a spiritualism that but leads to a pessimistic view of life and a nakedly mundane materialism that is a total denial of the spirit. As the subtitle to the essay indicates, it is a study of the "relations between Brother Ass, the Body, and his Rider, the Soul." In olden times, the body was subjected to penances and abstinences whenever it rebelled against goodness and truth. But now the science of philosophy and medicine assures us that the body is not the sole culprit. It is only when the body receives wrong directions from the soul within that it rebels, and plays the fool or the sinner. We cannot ignore the body; it has its rights. And the soul too has to be looked after and helped to grow in purity and grace. So the special and urgent need of "our uncourageous day" is to foster and strengthen the energies of the body as well as those of the will. Although this essay is a plea for the Christian ethic, it actually comes with the breath of universality, as may be seen from this concluding passage:—

> Health, I have well-nigh said, is Holiness. What if Holiness be Health? Two sides of one truth. In their co-ordination and embrace resides the rounded answer. It is that embrace of body and spirit, Seen and Unseen, to which mortality, sagging but pertinacious, unalterably tends.

Francis Thompson's poetry should now engage our attention. As a matter of fact, he might not after all have made his mark as a poet had

he not met his patron's wife, Alice Meynell. Her own published poems made Thompson too a poet; as he read and admired them, the feeling came to him that he could also write poetry, and so he did. The remembrance of things past came to him, clamouring for poetic expression. He read his life through the mist of past sad experience. Memory flashed anew the days when he had been sunk in penury and helplessness, and

> had endured through watches of the dark
> The abashless inquisition of each star;

or the days when he had

> Stood bound and helplessly
> For Time to shoot his barbéd minutes at me;
> Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
> In night's slow-wheeléd car;
> Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
> From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
> I waited the inevitable last.

Orphaned of love and forced to bury his passions deep in his breast for long, he whispers to the Meynell children that they have trembled all apart a dewy love in the "poet's calyxed heart." This group of poems entitled "Sister Songs" was followed by "Love in Dian's Lap," which was dedicated to Alice Meynell. The poems were chiefly inspired by her, for she had looked after him rather like a devoted mother.

One of Thompson's most notable poems that sets our hearts aflame is "Ode to the Setting Sun," a roseate poem written in a subdued key. The setting Sun sinks in music to his smoothed sleep. We now espy a Cross standing in the fields, where twilight has fallen. The setting Sun thus symbolizes the crucified Christ. Setting, sleep, the end: such is the sequence here poetically rendered:—

> The fairest things in life are Death and Birth,
> And of these two the fairer thing is Death...
>
> It is the falling star that trails the light,
> It is the breaking wave that hath the might,
> The passing shower that rainbows maniple.

Thompson is a master of similes and metaphors. Throughout the beautiful ode, the Cross and the Setting Sun are balanced against each other; and the ending is remarkable. For although the setting Sun means night, the twin-sister of Death, and the crucified Christ indicates despair and melancholy, it also means that this vision promises another glorious day and the miracle of Rebirth;—

It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
The falling rain that bears the greenery...
And there is nothing dies, but something lives.

Thompson's "The Mistress of Vision" and "An Anthem of Earth" are also striking on account of their mystical import and their musical cadences and rhythms. He always wrote with a child's innocence and wisdom and sense of wonder, while Alice Meynell was to him verily a guardian angel. Although Alice wrote a simple style and Thompson was nothing if not luxuriant in his poetic utterance, we can still mark the mutual influence between the poets.

The one universally known and most admired of Thompson's poems is, of course, the immortal "divine poem," "The Hound of Heaven." A religious and mystic poem for all its unconventional form of "abusive praise" (like the Indian devotional form of *nindāstuti*), it created a sensation when it appeared, and overwhelms us even today. Man flees from the Divine clasp, and God in His infinite mercy and solicitude chases man and pursues him without intermission till he is gathered back into His fold. An exciting chase! And a foregone conclusion! God has not forgotten man; it is man who has forgotten God. And God is determined to save man in spite of himself. With an unceasing torrent of diction and metaphor, Thompson makes us almost participate in the spiritual drama of the Pursuer and the Pursued. The poem opens when the pursuit has taken a critical turn, and the spasmodic agitated movements of the hunted are spelt out by these wonderfully articulate lines:—

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Whereas the "victim" in his terror leaps and runs and thus tires himself, the Hound makes slow but sure progress:—

with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy.

With mounting panic the quarry begs of all swift things for swiftness in flight. But to no purpose. The Hunter draws nearer and nearer. He cries: "Nought shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me." The hunted creature, to escape from this pursuit of Love, seeks asylum in the company of children. But the chase draws yet nearer; the victim's defences are cut off; his armour turns to nought; and he is reduced to helplessness and lies prone

and almost senseless:—

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenceless utterly,
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.

The Hunter has seized his quarry and begins his grim work:—

Ah! must —
Designer infinite! —
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?

The hunted has yet to realize that spurning Divine Love as being unseen and unknowable, and hence without meaning, he is losing his claims for the love of earthly things. The hunted too realizes at the final extremity that the Hound has chased him only to a heaven, mangled him only to ensure his truer health:—

Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

The poem is a child of the Catholic faith; in the words of Agnes de la Gorce, it is "a breviary of interior life in which [are] indicated, in a lyrical abridgement, the usual three phases of conversion: purgation, illumination, and union with God."

The poem has also something of the Orient in it. The Vedic figure of Sarama is somewhat analogous to the Hound of Heaven, as pointed out by Sri Aurobindo. Besides, the doctrine of Grace is central to the Vaishnava faith. The devotee is first tested by sore trials before he gains the knowledge of His proximity; and so he is received at last by God. "The Hound of Heaven" thus stands out unique, as it has gathered in its golden granary the essential seeds of Divine Love and man's devotion as found in the West as well as the East. No wonder Gandhiji was particularly moved by it, and no wonder Rajaji has annotated it with luminous understanding. Waif, grown-up child, poet, sensitive critic, Francis Thompson was all these, no doubt; but more than these, and principally, he was also a Laureate of the Spirit.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

RELIGION IN EDUCATION

[**Dr. Sita Ram Jayaswal** of the Lucknow University insists upon the important distinction between merely institutional religion, which is, essentially, a more or less particular interest seeking adherents, and that universal experience of the true Sages and mystics which is indispensable for the ordering of a significant human life. It is the latter, he suggests, that would impart a much-needed dimension to our secular education by inculcating a selfless sense of values.—ED.]

IN HIS BOOK *Education and the Social Order,* Bertrand Russell discusses this much debated subject of religion in education. He points out that in general there are two types of religion, personal and institutional. According to him,

> personal religion is a private matter, which should in no way concern the community. But institutional religion is a matter of great political importance.

Why is the institutional religion a matter of great political importance? In answer to this question, it is suggested that it brings a sense of security to the Government and the law. Institutional religion is helpful in keeping safe those who are in power and possess property. Institutional religion is also patronized by the priestly class and the traditionists. In other words, institutional religion is very much for the *status quo* and resists social and political changes in the interest of the masses. Lord Russell states, "It is in education, more than anywhere else, that institutional religion is important at the present day." It is perhaps due to opportunities for indoctrination provided to institutional religion that it is too much with education. In the name of education, institutional religion can perpetuate itself by indoctrinating its followers. It is largely true that what we are taught to believe during our childhood we continue to believe in adult life. Thus institutional religion conquers the mind and makes man its slave. That is why, from time to time, "religion in education" has been opposed.

But there is another aspect of religion, which is neither personal nor institutional. It is universal and eternal. This aspect of religion is ignored by many a critic of "religion in education." It is in the interest of a ruling class of exploiters to confuse the real and true meaning of religion, and misguide the masses. It must be noted clearly that this deliberate confusion in regard to religion is created not only by those who are firm believers in the institutional type of religion, but also by those who oppose "religion" as such: in them hatred of religion is as potent as love for it in others. The state of religion in Communist countries is a case in point here. The hostile

attitude towards any kind of religion, including universal religion, is typical of totalitarian countries. Thus, at the moment, we may find, broadly speaking, two warring camps, pertaining to religion in education. One camp stands for religion in education. This camp accepts the institutional form of religion. In other words, they support that kind of religion in education which gives strength to their Government and keeps them in power. In such a religious education, the interest of a particular community or country or policy is paramount. Consequently other parts of the world are ignored, even rejected. The other camp, which has no religion in education, does the same thing by conditioning the human mind and by appealing to the baser instincts in man. This camp keeps man at the animal level and does not permit him to rise above and come to that plane of living and thinking where all men are brothers and the world is one family. The greatest paradox is that this "no religion in education" group talks of one world and the welfare of mankind, but by its own behaviour repudiates what it "preaches." This double standard in behaviour is most dangerous, for some people do believe them when they talk of one world and the welfare of mankind.

Between these two extremes, we may find other groups, which approach "religion in education" in differing degrees and sometimes in dubious ways. Some schools run by social and philanthropic institutions, having universal religious themes, do not give expression to them in their practice and management of institutions. Many a teacher working in such institutions "devoted to universal religion" finds himself caught in a trap of deceit which has an innocent face and a cruel heart. In the name of "service to mankind," and such other high-sounding slogans, many young men and women are attracted to such institutions, work for them, make sacrifices and in due course discover that they are faced with deceit of the worst kind.

Granting all these evil practices pertaining to religion in education, shall we do nothing about it? It must be realized, that the moral fibre of which man is made is extremely important for social progress. Man does not live by bread alone. He lives by his beliefs and values of life as well. It may be stated that as an individual grows and develops in his thinking, he lives less at the instinctual level and more on the ideational level. One of the purposes of education is to help an individual to realize his true nature and acquire such beliefs and values as are moral and good for himself and all others. It needs no argument to convince any intelligent person that as an individual grows in age and experience, he is motivated by ideas to a great extent. Ideas move the world, and make revolutions.

As a matter of fact, the so-called cold war at the present time is primarily an ideological war, a war between the doctrines of Democracy and Communism. The democratic way of life based upon equality, justice, respect for individuality, tolerance, freedom of belief and worship is more desirable than the totalitarian because the latter denies the dignity of human individuality. Those who value the democratic way of life must realize that it can only be based upon a belief in the higher values which form the core and the essential unity of all religions. In other words, there are certain values of life which are common to all religions.

If these common values are accepted by all, there will arise immense good will, charity and tolerance. Further, the exploitation of religious sentiments for economic and political gains will be stopped. Now this last is a principle which is not easily understood, and sometimes is summarily rejected by quite a few modern thinkers. They consider it impracticable and utopian. The fact of the matter is that there has been no real effort to realize it. Religion in education has been at most times narrowly conceived, with the result that it has led to dissensions and division. None the less, it is a challenging problem. The basic principle, that the essential unity of all religions must find a place in education has been widely accepted; but how in practice it has not been worked out so far. Why? Let us examine the difficulties involved in the context of India.

In India, religion and education long were like two sides of the same coin. But when political power began to be worshipped, the form of religion in education also changed. The British Power, which practised the principle of "Divide and rule," used "religion" to encourage intolerance and hatred among major communities of India. The logical consequence of such a policy has been the division of India and a legacy of mistrust and rejection of all that is good in religion. The reaction to religion has been so immense that any effort to give proper place to religion in education is seen with suspicion. Since the general principle of giving place in education to the core of all religions is generally accepted, the opponents of religion in education adopt a line of argument which is ambiguous enough to appear harmless. They say there are no moral and spiritual values which cannot be taught in the normal course of secular education. This seems right at first glance, but in practice we see that the so-called secular education is soulless and utterly materialistic. The cultural crisis in Indian society today, to a great extent, is the result of this soullessness of secular education. That is why the Government of India recently appointed a Committee under Shri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Bombay, "to examine the desirability and feasibility of making specific provision for the teach-

ing of moral and spiritual values in educational institutions...." It may be noted that the Committee is to recommend the ways and means of "teaching of moral and spiritual values." But what kind of moral and spiritual values? Naturally those moral and spiritual values which are the core of all religions, and not *a religion*. The essential unity of all religions has been emphasized by all teachers of humanity, and it is high time that we bring this essential unity of all religions into our educational system. The aims and objectives of education must have those moral and spiritual values as their basis which are universal, and do not lead to any kind of differences based upon, caste, colour, race or sex.

Religion in education is not a slogan. It is a crying need of the world today. If we want to develop in the peoples of the world the ability to make a right choice between "One World" and "No World" let us have the courage and the wisdom to give a place to the essential unity of all religions in education. Call it by whatever name you please, such as moral and spiritual values; its essence lies in those values which emphasize the brotherhood of mankind, truth, non-violence, love, and, above all, the Light within each of us. Religion in education is not a subject of academic discussion. It is a vital need of life which endeavours to be true, good and beautiful.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

CHILDREN should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. We would reduce the purely mechanical work of the memory to an absolute minimum, and devote the time to the development and training of the inner senses, faculties and latent capacities. We would endeavour to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full natural development. We should aim at creating *free* men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things, *unselfish*.

—H.P. BLAVATSKY: *The Key to Theosophy*

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

October 25th, 1800—December 28th, 1859

[LORD MACAULAY was a great influence, along more than one channel, upon the India of two generations ago, besides being a force in English life and literature. Our esteemed contributor, **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar,** sends us this sympathetic, well-informed and balanced sketch of Macaulay's character and life-work as a tribute to him on the centenary of his death. Whatever the limitations of Macaulay in the sphere of the metaphysical or the mystical, he remains a figure whose like for moral integrity and intellectual honesty we would gladly see more often in the public life of our day.—ED.]

THE "EMINENT VICTORIANS" were as a rule a race of long-lived men and women: Browning, Carlyle, Gladstone, Newman, Ruskin, Tennyson, Florence Nightingale. But there were exceptions. For example, Macaulay, as "eminent" and as "Victorian" as any of them, died on December 28th, 1859, soon after beginning the sixtieth year of his life. No inheritor of unfulfilled renown, surely; yet for a man of such great vitality, so abundantly gifted with the zest for life, his death was the only commonplace thing about his extraordinary career. "Commonplace" because it happens to all, and Macaulay proved no exception; but there was nothing commonplace about the way he met it. Nine days earlier he had recorded: "I feel as if I were twenty years older...as if I were dying of old age. I am perfectly ready, and shall never be readier." His last significant act was to dictate and sign a letter to a poor curate, with a gift of £25. The same evening Macaulay was dead. For sixty years he had worked the instrument of his body with an unwearying sense of dedication to high and worthy causes: of scholarship and letters; of Whig politics and Indian administration; of freedom within a framework of order; of education for enlightenment and citizenship; of sanity and purity in public and private life. At fifty he could write: "Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that anybody, whom I have seen close, has had a happier." But the instrument was worn down at last, as the most efficient must be; and he died, as he had lived, upright and austere, clear-headed and articulate till the end.

His father, Zachary Macaulay the philanthropist, had been an enthusiastic campaigner against slavery, and had thereby almost ruined himself financially. This was Thomas Babington Macaulay's school of idealism and austerity; it tested and tempered the fibre of his character, and settled him on the high and dignified course of his life. Although he never married

himself, he willingly bore the burden of sustaining the family in its difficult days, and till the last he lent his protecting hand to his sisters and their families, and drew them into the unsullied, unselfish world of his love. His formal writings and speeches revealed only one side of the man, the "eminent Victorian." But the Victorian was also a man, and public eminence did not exclude private benefactions, the pieties appropriate to the son, or brotherly or avuncular tenderness or solicitude. Something of all this can be seen in Macaulay's Letters and Diaries, and in the testimonies of his near relations and close associates.

Tom Macaulay was a precocious child. He read with avidity, he wrote with fluency; he instructed himself, and was ready—even as a boy—to instruct others; in short, he took himself very seriously indeed. Entering Trinity College in 1818, he speedily distinguished himself there, won the Chancellor's Medal for Poetry, and was duly elected Fellow. In August 1825, his essay on Milton appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. "The effect on the author's reputation was instantaneous," writes his nephew and biographer, Sir Otto Trevelyan; "Like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous." To the discipline of letters he presently added the discipline of law, but soon a lucky turn in his life—the friendly interest of Lord Lansdowne—led him to politics. He entered Parliament in 1830, made notable contributions to the debates on Parliamentary Reform, and after the Reform Bill of 1832 became law he entered Government as Commissioner (and later Secretary) of the Board of Control. Being now offered the lucrative post of Member of the Supreme Council for India, he reached Madras on June 10th, 1834, and after a trip to Ootacamund to meet Lord William Bentinck, the Governor General, he travelled to Calcutta and set up house with his sister, Hannah. To Macaulay India meant financial independence for life; but it opened also a field for the full play of his talents. "I can scarcely conceive a nobler field than that which our Indian Empire now presents to a statesman," he wrote to Lord Lansdowne, and added: "I am afraid that I am aspiring too high for my qualifications. I sometimes feel...depressed and appalled by the immense responsibility which I have undertaken."

Macaulay was in India for less than four years, but these were a period of intense activity. Appointed President of the Committee of Public Instruction, he found that opinion was sharply and equally divided between the Orientalists and the Anglicists. He threw his weight unhesitatingly on the side of the latter, submitted his celebrated Minute to the Governor-General, and as good as gave an ultimatum. If the final decision was in favour of English, he would "enter on the performance of my

duties with the greatest zeal and alacrity"; if, on the contrary, the decision was in favour of Arabic and Sanskrit, he would "retire from the chair of the Committee." On March 7th, 1835, Government decided that the available funds should be expended on English education alone with a view to the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India. The die was cast; a new era in India's cultural and political history had begun.

Macaulay's Minute makes interesting reading even today. His conclusions were right enough, and his main reasoning was unexceptionable. In the speech he delivered in Parliament in July 1833, Macaulay had covered the whole ground of Indian administration, and had declared:—

> It is scarcely possible to calculate the benefits which we might derive from the diffusion of European civilization among the vast population of the East. It would be, on the most selfish view of the case, far better for us that the people of India were well governed and independent of us, than ill governed and subject to us. . . . It may be that the public mind of India may expand under our system till it has outgrown that system; that by good government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government; that, having become instructed in European knowledge, they may, in some future age, demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I know not. But never will I attempt to avert or retard it.

It was this faith and this hope that inspired the Minute, and in fact all his activities in India. English education, he felt convinced, would train a class of enlightened citizens and able administrators; and the selected beneficiaries of this education would themselves refine and enrich the "vernacular dialects" of the country and make these "by degrees fit vehicles for conveying knowledge to the great mass of the population." Besides, far-sighted Indians were already clamouring for English education, and not a few had demonstrated their capacity "to discuss political or scientific questions with fluency and precision in the English language." Where Macaulay erred was in falling foul of Sanskrit in his zeal for English. He knew nothing of Arabic or Sanskrit, or knew only by hearsay. Yet he would asseverate and dogmatize, and break the imaginary butterfly on the Juggernaut wheel of his rhetoric. A single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia! Sanskrit and Arabic literature, forsooth! Was it anything more than false History, false Astronomy, false Medicine, *and* false Religion? Macaulay was wrong, egregiously wrong, and he did not even suspect that he might possibly be wrong. Posterity, however, can readily forgive him his trespasses, because,

after all, he meant well, and strove valiantly to do the right thing in the given circumstances.

Not less important than the gift of English education to the people of India was the gift of the Criminal Code. Again, in his 1833 speech in Parliament, Macaulay had affirmed:—

> As I believe that India stands more in need of a code than any other country in the world, I believe also that there is no country on which that great benefit can more easily be conferred. A code is almost the only blessing, perhaps it is the only blessing, which absolute governments are better fitted to confer on a nation than popular governments....A quiet knot of two or three veteran jurists is an infinitely better machinery for such a purpose than a large popular assembly divided, as such assemblies almost always are, into adverse factions. This seems to me, therefore, to be precisely that point of time at which the advantage of a complete written code of laws may most easily be conferred on India.

As Legal Member of the Council in India, Macaulay drafted the Criminal Code himself, with singular efficiency and despatch. It was largely derived from the British law, though shorn of much of its extravagance and ambiguity, and in essentials Macaulay's Code is also the Criminal Code of the present day. Although superlative clarity may sometimes be deemed a blemish in imaginative literature, in a Criminal Code it can only be a virtue beyond all praise. If only the draftsmen of our time could emulate Macaulay, how much wearisome litigation might not be avoided!

Returning to England in 1838, Macaulay started work on his *History of England from the Accession of James II*. He had impressive qualifications for the task: he had read extensively and gathered with assiduity the materials for his *History*; he had in some measure the gift of historical imagination, the willingness to be possessed by the visions and vistas of the Past; and he had evolved a telling and apparently effortless narrative style. But politics diverted his energies more than once from the main direction of historical labours. He became Secretary for War; he became Paymaster-General. He was in and out of Parliament; he was in and out of office. At last, in 1848, the first two volumes of the *History* came out. Three thousand copies were sold in ten days. He was not merely a literary celebrity; he was also a prosperous man. He was elected Rector of Glasgow University. He was offered the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. He continued to visit the British Museum and take notes for the subsequent volumes of the *History*. Two more of these appeared in 1855, and he felt gratified that the *History* sold better in the United States than almost any other book except the Bible. In the meantime, his *Lays of*

Ancient Rome had appeared in 1842, his collected *Critical and Historical Essays* in 1843, and his *Speeches* in 1854. In 1857, Queen Victoria created him Baron Macaulay of Rothley. It was the apotheosis of his career.

Although the *History* was the major preoccupation of the last twenty years of his life, his political affiliations—even when he was not actually in office—were neither inexacting nor ineffective. He made decisive, if occasional, contributions to Parliamentary debates; he made two classic speeches on the Copyright Law; and once, in 1853, he purposively intervened while the India Bill was being discussed. And always, whenever he rose to speak, it was, says Gladstone, "a summons like a trumpet-call to fill the benches." Macaulay was the great orator, speaking not for the sake of speaking, but being as it were driven by his high sense of responsibility and sustained by the authority that flowed from his immense knowledge and giant self-confidence. His prose style was his particular and peculiar fortune, and the style was the man. His *Essays* and even his *History* are defiantly oratorical, and his speeches—being always carefully fashioned with a sedulous elaboration and finish—were ever in his best essayist's manner. He was all of a piece: the man and his style, the writings and the speeches, the man of affairs and the man of letters—they were all of a piece. His great strength was also his principal weakness, but then his weakness was no denial of his strength. We have to take him all in all, strength and weakness together.

As a historian Macaulay was no Herodotus or Thucydides, no Clarendon or Gibbon; but even to be Macaulay was no mean achievement. There is here weight and amplitude; a vivid pictorial imagination is here surely at work; and reel after reel unrolls the pageantry of the past, and the reader is held in a trance of fascination. Clarendon often speaks from personal knowledge: he coins his own experiences, his own hopes, sufferings, vacillations, exultations; it is *his* dear King that is the tragic hero of the *History of the Rebellion*. Gibbon's Rome was a distant Himalayas, he was charmed by the crowded canvas, the clash of men, the march of affairs, though he was not personally involved in Rome and her politics. But Macaulay was at once too far and too near his historical theme. He was a Whig, and William III was his idol; yet he could see his hero and the events of 1688 only through the spectacles of other men's memories. He had neither Clarendon's intimacy nor Gibbon's detachment, neither the marvellous intuitions of the one nor the perspicacious and shining intellect of the other. "Philistine": so Francis Thompson and Lytton Strachey called Macaulay. But an artist also, in his own right; and "elevated to the Pantheon of literature by virtue of a quite supra-Philistine power."

Both as a historian and as a biographer, it was Macaulay's business to tell stories. And he was a vivid, even the supremely vivid, story-teller. The episode of the Seven Bishops; the Siege of Londonderry; the Massacre at Glencoe; the trial of Warren Hastings—these are packed with drama. Characters tend to pair off like duellists: Hastings and Francis, Newcastle and the elder Pitt, or Fox and the Younger. There is high tragedy, there is tantalizing pusillanimity, there is Plautine comedy; there is exhortation, there is thrilling eulogy, there is acid derogation. The reconstructions of bygone scenes in Parliament are magnificent, but the battles are somehow less than battles. Nevertheless one must read on and on, and one is not fatigued, and one is not disappointed. Macaulay's portraits, although they lack the final incandescent glow of life, are striking none the less; as pictures, if not also as life-likenesses, they are certainly recognizable and unforgettable. Whatever the real and the whole truth about them, to the vast majority, at any rate, Clive and Hastings, Chatham and Pitt, are what Macaulay has made of them.

Macaulay was so "cocksure" about the many things on life's macadamized road because he was content to ignore what lay off the thoroughfare—the bylanes, the moors, the marshes, the desert sands, the still deeps, the far heights. There are imponderables in life—the intimations and perturbations of the spirit, the insurrections in the heart and the obscure infinities of the soul. As a critic of poetry, Macaulay was conventional, and poetry seldom seems to have truly transported him; as a critic of life and letters, he suffered from imperfect sympathies and frozen susceptibilities, much as Dr. Johnson did; he was tone-deaf and blind to beauty other than the pedestrian; and he was prone to be loud and aggressive, rather than friendly and familiar. Strachey says that as Macaulay had not experienced the intense physical emotion and exhilaration of sexual love, his sentences "have no warmth and no curves; the embracing fluidity of love is lacking." He thus talks and writes straight on: the horses gallop at a regulated speed, the hoofs fall like hammer strokes, the carriage of the narrative or argument heaves forward with precipitancy. The repetitions and the balance; the intrepid piston-movement with "which" or "of" or "when" or "while" or "without" or "less" or "above" or "leaving" for the start; the pat simile, the neat generalization; the ringing ding-dong; the epic catalogue, the adroit recapitulation; the disproportionate elaboration, the wild exaggeration: these many tricks of the Macaulayan style are familiar enough. In Macaulay's hands the tricks generally turn to overwhelming art, though they have also seduced to absurdity whole generations of writers, and especially Indian writers, of English. He wrote in his Diary on January 12th, 1850: "How little the all-important

art of making meaning pellucid is studied now! Hardly any popular writer, except myself, thinks of it"...Four years later he wrote, after rearranging some chapters of his *History*: "What labour it is to make a tolerable book, and how little readers know how much labour the ordering of the parts has cost the writer!"

Like Pope in his verse, Macaulay too painstakingly cultivated clarity and correctness in his prose. We may shake our heads; we may deplore the remorseless hammering, the persistent emphasis, the ceaseless glitter; we may miss the nuances, the meanderings, the "deep magics" of a Browne, a Lamb, a De Quincey; yet Macaulay triumphantly stands his ground with the weight and volume of his matter and the immediate power and sufficiency of his style. A century after his death, the Macaulayan edifice shows no signs of serious wear and tear.

> There is his fabric [writes Professor Elton] with its great shining surface, its solid skilful grandiose architecture, its bold bright colouring, which must be judged, in fairness, from a little distance off; it has a pillar broken, a façade tarnished here and there; but the thing stands.

"Eminent Victorian," without a doubt; "a miracle to his own generation," said Carlyle, and added that the memory of this "miracle" filled him "with a cheerful amazement." As we recapitulate Macaulay's life and re-read his *History* and his *Essays*, as we turn back leaf after leaf of the great volume of his life, as we expose ourselves yet once again to the continual blaze of his rhetoric, like his contemporaries we too are dazzled by the miracle, and we too are filled with "a cheerful amazement."

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

MEN are never so likely to settle a question
rightly as when they discuss it freely.

—LORD MACAULAY: *Critical and Historical Essays*

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM

[**Dr. D. Gurumurti**, a contributor of long standing, touches here on some basic points concerning two mighty forces in the life of societies today, both in their way based on honourable dreams for man's future, neither sufficient if served by men still bound to self-interest. Yet democracy is wise in respecting human dignity as a principle; socialism is perpetually in danger of supposing that the end justifies the means. The true disciple in spiritual life, it is said, "well knows [that all alike] are but learning a lesson; and he smiles at the socialist and the reformer who endeavour by sheer force to re-arrange circumstances which arise out of the forces of human nature itself." Social injustice cannot be erased from the earth till iniquity is purged forth from the human soul — which can only be done from within itself. — ED.]

THE TERMS "DEMOCRACY" AND "SOCIALISM" have been subjected to a good deal of uncritical misuse in current political controversies and ideological conflicts. It will serve a useful purpose if we subject them to scrutiny and examine the possibility of democratic socialism. The latter theory attempts to achieve the aims of socialism by adopting the methods of democracy. When the Labour Party came to power in the General Elections in Great Britain at the close of the Second World War they got an opportunity of working parliamentary democracy to realize the aims of socialism. The lessons they learnt during their tenure of office are revealing.

The word "democracy" is a badge that is worn by many groups. The out-and-out totalitarian Government of East Germany under Communism calls itself the German Democratic Republic. The extremely capitalistic state of the U.S.A. claims to be the citadel of democracy in the world. The Communist Government of the Kerala State in India refused to vacate office in the name of democracy; and the opposition parties in Kerala, in their successful attempt to overthrow an oppressive rule, took their stand on their democratic rights. What, then, is democracy?

The essence of democracy is the sacredness of the individual, respect for individuality. Every individual human being possesses a distinct personality and essential dignity which should be respected. Each individual is born with certain inalienable rights—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, among others. The State as an organization comes into being in order to guarantee these rights. At the dawn of the nineteenth century the great modern European philosopher, Immanuel Kant of Germany, expressed the basis of democracy in a famous dictum: "Treat every man as

an end in himself and never as a means merely." This dictum may aptly be called the *bija-mantra* (seed-idea) of democracy. The essence of the idea lies in the State becoming an instrument for the realization of the individual's self-fulfilment. The people are the source of authority. The emphasis is on the worth of the individual, equality before the law. Democratic freedom consists in the control exercised by the people over the governing personnel through an established procedure. Any method which subtracts from the people's control over the governing personnel will become authoritarian and lead to totalitarianism.

In its origins, in the Greek city-states of ancient times, democracy was direct rule by the community by a majority of votes. In later days, as the Community became unwieldy in numbers, democracy became equated with representative government. Even here sovereignty is only partially transmitted. The power of public opinion, the "general will," retains the residuary sovereignty and the people have the power of decision when circumstances are so grave as to require the exercise of power greater than that of the governing personnel. The practice of referendum points to this superior power. The people never surrender the right to overthrow an elected government when it becomes oppressive and inimical to the liberty and freedom of the people.

Democracy works by means of a series of checks and counter-balances among powers. The elected legislature is subject to the periodical approval of the electorate. The executive is answerable to the legislature and can function only so long as it commands a majority in it. The executive is held in check also by an independent judiciary. The essence of the theory of democracy is government by consent and by persuasion. The fundamental condition for the success of democracy, therefore, is an informed and enlightened electorate. The motive power of democracy is the will of the people or organized public opinion. The maximum responsibility is on the individual citizen. John Bright, when supporting the Compulsory Elementary Education Bill in the British Parliament in the last quarter of the last century, said: "Gentlemen, let us educate our masters."

In contrast to the aims and methods of democracy, the theory of socialism aims at bringing about a fairer and fuller life for all by increasing the power of the State, for the simple reason that unfettered freedom has brought about great inequalities between the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the advanced and backward classes. The problem as socialism sees it is one of the distribution of the available national wealth. For this purpose socialism embarks on governmental ownership and operation of basic industries and of most forms of large-scale production. It becomes

the business of the government to ensure a minimum standard of welfare for all and to maintain full employment. In this process the emphasis shifts from the preservation of the freedom of the individual. Compulsory insurance, nationalization of key industries, State control of large-scale enterprises become fundamental. For it is only through increased production, stabilized employment, lowered cost of goods and steady real wages to the workers that we can hope to raise the standard of living.

But what are the incentives to economic effort? Democratic capitalism supplies the motives of profit and competition. Communism, the twin brother of socialism, relies on force or compulsion. Socialism disapproves of both. Hence production suffers under socialism. With the abandoning of the profit motive, there is little reward for individual skill, initiative, daring and perseverance. All human effort is reduced to a common level. Mediocrity becomes sacrosanct. In the name of social justice, exceptional talents tend to remain unutilized. This is the price that has to be paid for equality of all.

There is a well-known incident in the career of the American millionaire, Andrew Carnegie, the steel magnate, early in the century. A socialist propagandist went to him and rather vehemently demanded a large contribution for a public cause, pointing out to Carnegie that his wealth really belonged to the people and he ought to part with a good bit of it. Carnegie sent for his secretary and directed him to prepare a cheque. The cheque he brought was for a dollar and fifty cents. Carnegie coolly handed the cheque to the socialist with the words, "Here is your share of my property." The lesson taught by Carnegie is quite clear. Unless wealth is produced there will be nothing to distribute. Socialism deals with distribution without solving the problem of production. It has been computed that there are about two thousand crores of rupees of earned wealth in the hands of the rich class. If all this could be commandeered by the government and distributed to all the people equally among the nearly forty crores of the population of India, each person will get fifty rupees which may feed him for one month. At the end of the month all the forty crores will be equally poor. Hence the well-known jibe that under socialism you do not distribute wealth but only poverty. In the laudable desire for equal distribution we will only kill the goose that lays the egg.

The main objection to socialism, however, is from the spiritual standpoint. In trying to achieve its highly praiseworthy aim of equality, it is forced to treat the individual as a means. The shallow philosophy that the end justifies the means is inherent in the socialist method. As Mahatma Gandhi pointed out, no end, however great, can justify wrong means. The subordi-

nation of the individual to socialist aims is a crime against the innate dignity of humanity. Hence it is that the Sarvodaya philosophy of Acharya Vinoba Bhave is a truer means of achieving the lofty aims of socialism; for from it the rich learn to treat their wealth as a trust and voluntarily surrender a part of it for public benefit.

As Sir Winston Churchill pointed out effectively in his election campaign against the Labour Party of Great Britain, constitutional socialism led inevitably to totalitarianism. The transition to public ownership necessarily involves the accession of more and more power to the bureaucracy. Increase in bureaucratic power connects itself in the popular mind with tyranny. As Robert Menzies, the Australian premier, said in his election campaign when he ousted the socialists from power nine years ago:—

> Every extension of government power and control means less freedom of choice for the citizen. Government activities are monopolist. Monopolies exclude choice. No choice for the producer. No choice for the employer. No choice for the consumer. The abolition of choice is the death of freedom. If we choose the Socialist road to what journey's end do we come? To the Master State, the one employer, the one planner, the one controller....All free choice will have gone.

The history of Communist Russia for the last thirty years is an eye-opener. Accession of power to the bureaucracy could wreck socialism and democracy. What did it profit a worker to become a wage slave of a corporation rather than that of a private employer? He only exchanged shackles. Faith in State action as a means of social improvement is a double-edged sword. It cuts the hand that grasps it. The essence of totalitarianism is the exaggeration of the power of the State. Human imperfection is the limiting factor in political life. Those who deny it, though they may begin as harmless optimists, end as tyrants trying to make the world better by force. It is always out of the socialist parties that have sprung ruthless rulers to take possession of the State—the Communists in Russia, the Fascists in Italy, the Nazis in Germany.

An awareness of these deficiencies of socialism has made some prominent political personalities and statesmen attempt what is called democratic socialism. They hope to attain the objectives of socialism while being wedded to the democratic process. The intention is to achieve the lofty aims of socialism, of equality and even distribution of the goods of the earth through the forms and techniques of democracy. This gives rise to what is known as a mixed economy, in which private enterprise and individual freedom are attempted to be fostered side by side with State control of essential industries. The democratic emphasis on the freedom of

the individual is saved by the preservation of the parliamentary forms of government, which stand on the consent of the governed. Welfare is sought to be achieved in the context of liberty. The freedom to satisfy elementary and common human desires is yoked to the freedom to take significant decisions of social control. The unsolved problem remains — how to restrain a strong executive from invading individual rights while at the same time providing for the State's playing a large part in controlling society.

The will to be free and the claim for equality are two aspects of the same aspiration. Democratic socialism is compelled to permit differences in income based on differences in economic contribution. The Labour Party during its tenure of power in Britain attempted democratic socialism. It was noticed that as more and more enterprises were nationalized production began to suffer. Whatever the Government touches slows down. "The withering hand of the civil servant whose whole training is to make no decisions that can be passed to a higher level" does not make for business despatch. The elaborate bureaucratic machinery lacks industrial efficiency. Politicians begin to hold key posts in industrial concerns as they are taken over by government. There is a marked failure to measure up to the standards of achievement that are to be found in successful private enterprises. The same will be true of co-operative effort under government supervision. The verdict of the British electorate in throwing the Labour Party out of power after one term of office is clear proof that the enticing dream of a brave new world held out by socialism failed to win the support of that people.

Democratic socialism is at its best an uneasy compromise. The inherently contradictory elements in its composition will sooner or later erupt into open conflict and overthrow one or the other aspect. Either the individual will assert his right of free enterprise or else he will become a minor spoke in the wheel of the State. The source of tyranny, it has rightly been observed, is the passion to make the world conform to abstract theories.

D. GURUMURTI

NOTHING is so galling to a people, not broken in from the birth, as a paternal, or, in other words a meddling government, a govenment which tells them what to read, and say, and eat, and drink, and wear.

—LORD MACAULAY: *Critical and Historical Essays*

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

TWO FRENCH BOOKS ABOUT INDIA*

THE GREATNESS of a civilization can perhaps best be evaluated by the human values of a people; and these, in their turn, are the fruit of the idealism of the environment and the wisdom springing from a close observation of men and manners, partly depicted in creative literature. This wisdom continues to guide a person in his daily life and determines his behaviour towards his fellow men. We have always lived with nature and it has influenced our life and literature. Birds and animals have provided us with didactic material, and the gnomic spirit pervades not only the classical but also the folk literature of India and its popular tales. Beside the Vedic and epic literature, we have evidence from the second century B.C. of the Buddhist birth stories, the *Jatakas,* that stories and even beast fables were considered a useful means of imparting instruction for both practical and political life. Shri K. M. Panikkar has outlined the history of Indian stories and the westward migration of the Indian fable in his learned Preface.

In this collection of thirty stories, Shri Dhingra has presented to the Western reader something of that richness, variety and artless expression which characterize our story literature. A few stories are from the epics, the story of Nachiketas from the Katha Upanishad, many from the fable literature and popular tales in Sanskrit, two from the *Jatakas,* and two of the collection are the original and, let us add, estimable contributions of the author. *"Le Collier d'Etoiles"* (The Necklace of Stars) is a delicately drawn pen-picture of an imaginative child, her attachment to the mother and the beautiful starlit night which inspires the child to promise the mother to bring her a Necklace of Stars in place of the one inadvertently broken by her. The dream provides the *motif* for the child's flight of imagination. "The Portrait of a Bleating Lamb" is the remarkable story of self-realization accomplished with the absorbing interest in a pathetic yet vivid picture put up by a young man adept in many kinds of animal drawings. For, indeed, I am not only what I love, but also that I love not, all that I fear, all that I desire and all that I am capable of perceiving!

These stories have a universal language of symbols and a message with a wide appeal. Even if "the Indian storyteller desired to entertain and amuse his listeners, a great number of stories contained in this collection are symbolical." The stories of Prahlad, Dhruva, King Shibi, the courtesan Bindumati and Savitri are symbolical of steadfast devotion to God, of constancy, of sacrifice, non-discrimination and the inexhaustible power of true and chaste love, respectively. Other stories symbolize the value of unbreakable bonds of friendship; two of them explain the mythical belief of the "hare" in the moon and the third eye of Shiva. It is on the whole an engaging and inspiring book. It is to be hoped that Shri

**Le Collier d'Etoiles et Autres Contes de l'Inde* (The Necklace of Stars and Other Stories from India). By BALDOON DHINGRA. French. (*Collection "Symboles."* Flammarion, Paris. 220 pp. 1959); *Dans l'Inde l'Accueil des Dieux* (The Gods' Welcome in India). By HUGUETTE and JEAN HERBERT. French. (*Collection "Expériences Spirituelles."* Aubier, Paris. 186 pp. 1959).

Dhingra will continue to acquaint the foreign reader with the vast treasure of our literature on similar subjects.

The book contains, among other classical illustrations, a symbolical representation of the "tree of life" and "the previous lives of the Buddha."

M. Herbert is one of those sincere and studious authors who by their exposition of Hindu Spirituality (one of his books is *Spiritualité Hindoue*) have earned the gratitude of many readers abroad who have come to understand the deep meaning of the spiritual aspect of our heritage. It is, therefore, more than justified that in collaboration with Madame Herbert, he has now written this book in the series *"Expériences Spirituelles."* His special field of study has been *Yoga* and Hindu mythology, and he has many books on these subjects to his credit.

With the sensitive and sympathetic attitude of real devotees the authors paid a visit to such divergent and distant Indian places of pilgrimage as Varanasi, Vrindavana, Rameshwaram, Shuchindram, Kanya Kumari, Girnar, Dakshineshwar (Calcutta) and Kalimpong. The choice of these places might have been guided by the authors' anxiety to cover at least the most important places connected with Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism, not excluding the modern pilgrimage connected with the well-known Ramakrishna. This book is by no means a mere travelogue, for it is encrusted with many a traditional story and should be helpful to a foreign reader who is not quite conversant with the importance attached to these places. Varanasi has held a special charm abroad as a citadel of Hindu religion, and unfortunately there have been some accounts of this sacred place by some immature and sensation-hunting journalists in the foreign press. The authors' account, evidently, is pleasingly inspired and lively. According to Indian tradition, there are innumerable places of pilgrimage on this subcontinent; most of them have preserved not only the religious practices of worship but also quite a number of exquisitely beautiful pieces of iconography. The authors rightly decided to go to these places and appreciate them by an intensive study rather than just "do them." The book is aptly entitled "The Gods' Welcome in India" and throws a flood of light on the way of worship and its background.

The book is preceded by a small map indicating the places visited by the authors and ends with a glossary of religious and some technical terms.

JAGBANS K. BALBIR

Al-Bâbu 'L-Hâdî 'Ashar: A Treatise on the Principles of Shî'ite Theology. By HASAN B. YUSUF B. 'ALI IBNU'L-MUTAHHAR AL-HILLI. Commentary by MIQDAD-I-FADIL AL-HILLI. Translated from the Arabic by WILLIAM MCELWEE MILLER. (The Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland; sold by Luzac and Company, Ltd., London. xiv+104 pp. 1958. 18*s*.)

When this book was first published in 1928, it was the only translation into a European language of a Shī'ite creed. Indeed, apart from the work of Max Horten on the theologian Tūsī, there had been little study of Shī'ite theology of any kind. In the years since 1928 some further works have appeared, notably several on Ismā'ilsm and the translation of an earlier Imāmite creed by A. A. A. Fyzee as a *Shī'ite Creed* (London, 1942). Nevertheless the field is still thin, and it is important to have in print once again this basic Imāmite work by W. M. Miller, which is both accurate and intelligible.

Of various interesting features in the

commentary on the creed, one is the closeness of the Imāmite position to that of the Mu'tazilites at various points, such as the question of whether the Qur'ān is the uncreated speech of God, or not. Here it is easy to see that the Imāmites would be anxious to increase the authority of the living *imām* and belittle that of the inanimate Book. In other points it is not easy to see the reason for the close relationship. H. S. Nyberg has suggested that the Mu'tazilites were originally supporters of the 'Abbāsids before they came to power, but it would be worth trying to discover their precise political affiliations at later periods. The *Miḥnah* (in which Aḥmad b. Hanbal opposed the official policy) was linked with an attempt by the Caliph to gain 'Alid support. There is much here that is worthy of further study, to which this document is a key.

W. MONTGOMERY WATT

The Ramayana of VALMIKI. Vol. III: *"Yuddha Kanda"* and *"Uttara Kanda."* Translated by HARI PRASAD SHASTRI (Shanti Sadan, London. 708 pp. 1959. 30*s*.)

Although people in a hurry may have to be content with short abridgments like the *Ramayana* of C. Rajagopalachari or Sudha Majumdar's *Ramayana* (based on the Bengali of Krittivasa), one must really, if one can, read in its entirety the *Ramayana* of Valmiki, "the most beautiful and moving of all stories in literature." The pure, spacious, undefiled Sanskrit original must, of course, be one's first preference; failing which, well, any sensitive and faithful rendering. Griffith's rhymed version was a gallant and meritorious performance, and it still reads well, though cumbrous and uncertain in many places. But Dr. Hari Prasad Shastri's recent prose version has a fidelity and adequacy that are unlikely to be surpassed or even equalled for many years to come. This third and last volume is worthy of its predecessors, and one rises after reading it with a feeling of gratitude for the great scholar who has thus helped to introduce the *Ādi Kavi* (Primal Poet) to a world audience.

The *"Yuddha Kanda"* (The Book of War) properly concludes the *Ramayana*. Rama and the *vānara* hosts are on their way to Lanka, but Ravana is defiant; and so the great issue is joined at last. In an agony of mounting suspense we follow the vicissitudes of the war till Ravana falls, Sita is released from captivity and they return to Ayodhya to give joy to the people. The *"Uttara Kanda"* (The Book of Aftercourses) strikes us, alas! as an anticlimax. The narrative sways back and forth — to Ravana's early history, to Sita's cruel banishment — and although neither beauty nor pathos is lacking, the oceanic epic sweep of the earlier Books is now lost in the "shallows and miseries" of the *"Uttara Kanda."* One never wished it longer than it is!

Dr. Shastri has rendered a notable service by translating this mighty epic with care, diligence and tact. While the prose is easy and natural, it also exudes something of the flavour of the original. Translation is an act of faith, and a monumental work like this must have been undertaken in a spirit of dedication. The Glossaries are exhaustive, and should prove to be of considerable help to those unacquainted with the traditional idiom of Indian culture. The get-up is superb.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Between God and History: The Human Situation Exemplified in Quaker Thought and Practice. By RICHARD K. ULLMANN. (George Allen and Un-

win, Ltd., London. 212 pp. 1959. 21*s*.)

The author of this closely reasoned book is a Quaker and much of it is concerned with the particular way in which Quakers, from the time of George Fox, have tried to solve the problem of being "in the world but not of it." But since this is a problem which faces everyone who has become conscious that he lives simultaneously in two dimensions, one timeless, the other time-bound, the book will interest many who are not members of the Society of Friends.

Like all Christian dualists, Mr. Ullmann regards the tension between the spiritual and the material or between God and the world, which man normally experiences, as something which can never, between birth and death, be wholly resolved. The state of liberation or enlightenment which Eastern teachers conceive to be the goal of human evolution, a state in which the opposites are reconciled in their true centre and death and life are equally acceptable as modes of being, is one outside his reckoning. For him we must always be in suspense because, although the lure of the transcendent is inescapable, "yet it always escapes us because it is outside world and time." And he regards those who wish to denigrate this suspense as fugitives from the battle. He, on the other hand, can approve a writer who compares "Christ's first and second comings with D-Day and V-Day. . . ." ! Of course the unbalanced tension of the opposites is, for most of us, the condition of that growth in consciousness which can ultimately redeem the stress of conflict in the realization of creative union. And Mr. Ullmann has much that is wise and helpful to say of the manner in which the necessary tension can be fruitfully maintained and the "ambiguities . . . inherent in the human situation between God and history" sincerely faced.

In the first part of his book he illustrates his theme mostly by reference to Quaker history. But the second part, in which he explores the meaning of doing the will of God, has a more personal and universal appeal. It is so easy for pious people to suppose that they possess a sure prescription for right action. That is why they can so often act unimaginatively. What we all need to learn, as Mr. Ullmann so persuasively shows, is how to act creatively in any concrete situation. Absolute preconceptions, moral codes, scriptural texts, virtuous intentions, can all be fatal to such creativeness. It springs essentially out of discovering and being one's true self and acting out of that integral awareness. Mr. Ullamann guides his reader through their dilemmas with a patient, presevering, but rather daunting, logic.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Nyāyacandrikā by ĀNANDAPURNA with the commentary *Nyāyaprakāśikā* of SVARUPANANDA. Edited by N. S. ANANTAKRISHNA SASTRI. (Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras. 148+563+118 pp. 1959. Rs. 18.75)

It has been said that Indian philosophical literature "is like a river which has shallows that a child may play in and depths which the strongest diver cannot fathom." The book under review provides us a specimen of the depths in Indian monistic thought. Post-Śaṁkara dialectics mainly flowed in two courses — that of text-exposition as in the case of *Bhāmatî* and *Pañcapādikā* and that of confutation as in the case of the *"Siddhis,"* though the two trends often merge. The most glorious achievement of the mediæval Indian mind is but a history of attacks and counter-attacks between the best representatives of rival schools. Many a wordy battle was fought and lost only to be revived. Learned pontiffs with dedicated lives addressed themselves to the quest after

truths and held such debates; and the echoes of the din are kept alive even today by traditional stalwarts such as the learned editor of this book.

Among the chief treatises addressed to the task of establishing monism by answering the charges of assailants, *Iṣṭasiddhi* of Vimuktātman (*c.* 100) and *Advaitadīpikā* of Citsukha (*c.* 1200) and the *Advaitasiddhi* of Madhusūdana-sarasvatī (*c.* 1500) are the most renowned. The present work (*c.* 1400?), which was practically unknown so far, indeed fills a gap and bids fair to find its rightful place in the company of masterly works on Advaita.

The editor's long Introduction in Sanskrit is reminiscent of his vast erudition and he has shown in detail that the *Nyāyacandrikā* has many an original argument though it follows *Citsukhî* closely and that it answers Jayatīrthas's objections in *Nyāyasudhā* (thirteenth century). The fact is that no Dvaita writer or work has been mentioned by name in this work, which is mostly concerned with refuting Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika and Mīmāmsā tenets. The editor has fixed the chronology of the author on the basis of teacher-lists current in the Kānchī *muth,* and one might feel that more substantial evidence is required before taking the date as settled.

This work of Ānandapūrṇa *alias* Vidyāsāgara (also author of commentaries familiar to scholars) is in four chapters — the first dealing with controversies raging about fundamental philosophical issues; the second with the exposition of the nature of error and nescience, which are positive and yet unreal; the third mainly refuting the *samuccaya* theory of knowledge and works; and the last explaining the nature of Release according to Advaita. The first two are longer than the last two. It is worthy of notice here that long extracts from the all but lost *bhāṣya* of *Bhāskara* on the *Gītā* are found quoted in the third chapter. But the editor's guess that Bhāskara was a senior contemporary of Śaṁkara requires further substantiation.

Students of Vedānta thought will find invaluable the long "Bibliography of Authors" (in English) and the Indices appended to the book, and the Editor deserves unqualified thanks for the pains he has taken in presenting the work with detailed analysis of contents and his own personal observations. The Madras Government is to be congratulated on making available to the world of scholarship an intrinsically important and authoritative work on Advaita Vedānta.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Towards New Horizons. By PYARELAL. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 221 pp. 1959. Rs. 2.00)

This is a reprint from the author's *Mahatma Gandhi — The Last Phase,* Vol. II. Its purpose is to focus the attention of the readers on the philosophy underlying the Sarvodaya society as envisaged by Gandhiji. Vinobaji in his Foreword looks upon this philosophy as "essentially Indian in its origin and background" but "destined to have a world-wide application." David Mitrany in his introduction describes Gandhiji's ideal as one of "small, intimate local societies, as against the anonymous social amalgam of the modern industrialized society." *Towards New Horizons* is an explication of this ideal and a substantiation of it based on a wealth of detail garnered from several modern sources of economic and social thought.

Shri Pyarelal considers the picture of Gandhiji's ideal society a "more or less modern version of the *Varnashrama* system" which "is today being reincarnated in the materialistic garb of a 'casteless, classless and stateless socie-

ty' " based on socialized occupations with the slogans "to each according to his need, from each according to his capacity" and "All for each and each for all." One fundamental difference, however, is pointed out by him thus:—

> In the Philosophy of *varnashrama* individual activity is not a means of realizing an earthly paradise of material satisfactions either for ourselves or for others but a means of transcending our strangulated, egocentred consciousness by selfless service of others, and realizing our true nature from which we have become alienated.

This interpretation of *varnashrama* can have no validity with many modern people in India or abroad to whom the very term *"varnashrama"* is anathema.

We have in this work a keen psychological and sociological study of the present-day civilization, which Edward Carpenter once called, along with Gandhiji, a "disease." Shri Pyarelal here seeks to diagnose its cause and suggest a cure following Gandhiji's ideas.

M. YAMUNACHARYA

Iqbal: His Art and Thought. By SYED ABDUL VAHID. (John Murray, London. xiv+254 pp. 1959. 30*s*.)

The Islamic poet and philosopher Muhammad Iqbal deserves to be more widely known in both Western and Eastern circles. With a remarkable breadth of judgment and comparison, Iqbal (who died in 1938) drew on both sources to develop and perfect his own individual philosophy. Nor was his study a mere matter of book-learning; from Lahore, where as a student he began writing poetry in Urdu, he came to Europe, took his degree in modern philosophy at Cambridge, obtained his doctorate at Munich, lectured and taught in London. Afterwards he practised law in India, and worked for educational and political reforms.

So virle a thinker, alive to the practical problems of his time, would be the last to subscribe to any doctrine of self-surrender and denial of the material world in favour of mystical contemplation. Iqbal had a truly Western distrust of ascetic inactivity. His *Philosophy of the Ego* is well and simply expounded by Syed Abdul Vahid in this devoted study of the master. For Iqbal the ego, or personality, is a centre of will and energy, constantly straining forward to create desires and ideals. Conquering its environment, it attains freedom and immortality, leading on to a Superman with far more spiritual qualities than the power-fanatic of a Nietzsche. For Iqbal the constructive factors are the universals: love, courage, tolerance and indifference to worldly gain.

In his poems — latterly written in Persian, and not easy to assess from the present author's descriptive eulogies — Iqbal embodied his social and political thought. It was inevitably influenced by his hour; but beneath the ephemeral is a wisdom lit by unforgettable flashes. Time, in his conception, is the mind of space; and poetry is the "aureole of true philosophy" — an idea both Eastern and Shelleyan. If, in Iqbal's case, we can only glimpse the shadow of the aureole, Syed Abdul Vahid has worked hard to bring us to a general appreciation of the thinker.

SYLVA NORMAN

Strange Seas of Thought: Studies in William Wordsworth's Philosophy of Man and Nature. By NEWTON P. STALLKNECHT. (Indiana University Press, Bloomington. 290 pp. 1959. $ 5.00)

Since Whitehead first suggested the serious philosophical implications of Wordsworth's poetry, no commentator has conducted a more elaborate inquiry into the various potentialities of his theories of man and nature than Pro-

fessor Stallknecht. Although he is a Professor of Philosophy, he has wisely refrained from forging a consistent pattern of Wordsworthian ethics or metaphysics. In fact, his primary concern is to show that, interpreted in terms of Behmenism, Spinozism, Transcendentalism and Neoplatonism, Wordsworth's poetry acquires a new coherence and significance. There are also casual references to possibilities of interpretation in terms of Bergsonism (it should indeed be interesting to assess *The Prelude* as a literary manifestation of Bergson's *l'intuition philosophique* and *mémoire par excellence*) or Orphicism. It is only when most of these "parallels" are pressed into tangible "borrowings" (pp. 23-24) that one finds the inferences mostly inconclusive. None would deny, for instance, that the lines and curves of Boehme's theories (of the nature of imagination, the origin of mystical vision, and the dichotomy between intuition and Reason, etc.) synchronize remarkably with Wordsworth's own beliefs. But does it imply, therefore, that Wordsworth presents "doctrine, often *borrowed* but carefully 'edited' through a process of selection"? This should, in fact, invalidate Wordsworth's own theory of creative imagination as expounded in *The Prelude* (Bks. XII-XIV).

But this occasional tendency to establish direct relationship between Wordsworth's thought and certain corresponding systems of philosophy should not detract from the importance of this brilliant exposition of Wordsworth's concept of man and nature. Professor Stallknecht does not attempt, like Leslie Stephen and many other critics, to resolve into an arbitrary unified pattern all contradictions and oscillations in Wordsworth's thought; on the contrary, he never hesitates to expose all such "fatal disjunctions." One of the most sensitive phases of the main argument stresses Wordsworth's failure to synthesize the ideal of self-realization (as presented in *The Prelude*) and the ideal of self-transcending duty (as expounded in his later poems: "Ode to Duty," "White Doe," etc.). "It is this vacillation," he observes, "that reveals the tragic flaw in Wordsworth's philosophy." This "flaw" cannot be explained away by remarking that the imaginative recognition of Law in the Universe induces man's free and willing conformity to that Law.

Professor Stallknecht has succeeded in establishing Wordsworth's philosophy of man and nature as not a mere "warm, intuitive muddle," but a dynamic vision of life, worthy of serious philosophical consideration. *Strange Seas of Thought* is indeed a commendable performance, a judicious synthesis of philosophical perspicacity and literary sensibility, which should open new vistas in Wordsworthian criticism.

S. K. KUMAR

The Beginning of Wisdom: A Teacher's Testament. By CEDRIC ASTLE. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London. x + 148 pp. 1958. 4*s*.)

A current debate in the Christian world concerns "The Ministry of the Laity," less in the sense of laymen doing part-time parson's work than in that of witnessing to the Christian way in and through the pursuit of their vocation and daily work. Mr. Astle may not be aware of the debate, but he is certainly doing this very thing as the headmaster of a modern secondary school in the English industrial midlands. The subtitle "A Teacher's Testament" endorses the impression, gained from reading the book, that there is more than a little of the autobiographical element.

It must be recognized that the presuppositions are wholly Christian and the environment wholly English. These factors inform content, treatment, illustration and allusion. For any not wholly in sympathy with the one or not fully conversant with the other, the book will make strange, and sometimes difficult, reading. Yet it may well be that those who persevere will discern something that is eternal and universal between the lines.

On p. 46, the author quotes from a lecture by Bernard Shaw in 1912:—

> What I mean by a religious person is one who conceives himself to be the instrument of some purpose in the universe which is a high purpose and is the motive power of evolution.... Any person who realizes that there is such a Power, and that his business and joy in life is to do its work, and his pride and point of honour to identify himself with it, is religious.

Any, and especially teachers, who can identify themselves with the spirit of this definition, may read this book with impunity and to profit.

MARCUS WARD

Asia Through Asian Eyes: Parables, Poetry, Proverbs, Stories and Epigrams of the Asian Peoples. Compiled by BALDOON DHINGRA with foreword by K. M. PANIKKAR. (Thames and Hudson, Ltd., London. 296 pp. 1959. 28*s*.)

The complacent self-sufficiency of Europe in the field of culture and ideas was so strongly entrenched that even today many orthodox scholars and humanists assume that little of value lies outside the circle of classical and Christian learning which the universities have so sedulously cultivated. Such an outlook has, of course, long ceased to be tenable. René Guenon's assertion that "the position of the West in relation to the East is that of a branch growing out of the trunk" was not meant to discredit the branch. Nor is the East only a trunk. It, too, has put forth many branches from the central stem and mothered many cultures. Some of these have been intensively studied by Western specialists. But hitherto few attempts have been made to provide the Western reader with a comprehensive picture of Asian life and thought. This is what the compiler of this generous anthology has set out to supply.

No picture of the East would be true which failed to give first place to religion and philosophy. For the genius of the Asian peoples is rooted in the nature of spirit. But it flowers on every level, in the poetry and wisdom of the common people no less than in the subtle speculations and insights of sage and seer, in proverbs, aphorism and fable, in love-song and riddle as well as in *mantra* and prayer, ethical instruction and mystical discourse.

It is all here, though the editor describes his book as only "a sampling of the feast that lies spread for all who would partake of it." Its seven sections cover all the chief aspects of personal and social life from the arts to science and from the domestic to the political. The passages chosen are never unduly long, are pithily rendered and are drawn from many countries. Yet beneath all the variety there is a unity of faith and vision which permeates the whole of life, as it has long ceased to do in the West.

To avoid interfering with the impact of the passages chosen the editor has decided to add no notes or comments of his own. This gives the reader a pleasant sense of freedom from the bonds and responsibilities of learning —yet the more studious may well wish that a modicum of annotation had been added. There are indeed, six pages of biographical notes at the end, but these are too brief to be really informative and though the name of its author is generally attached to each

passage, some of them are only identified with the country of their origin. But for the general reader the genius and the way of life of Eastern peoples are invitingly distilled in this volume.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

India and Modern Art. By W. G. ARCHER. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 144 pp. 61 illustrations. 1959. 35*s*.)

In the present study Mr. Archer has described the state of painting in India from the end of the nineteenth century to the achievement of Indian independence. He first traces the apathetic attitude of the British towards Indian art, against which was directed the righteous indignation of E. B. Havell, leading to the formation of a new movement in painting. He also describes in detail the background of the nineteenth-century Indian painting and the influences exercised by European art. The second chapter deals with the part played by Havell and Abanindranath Tagore in the revival of Indian painting. But, as rightly pointed out by Mr. Archer, though this approach was essential for the beginning of a movement, a successful art could not be willed into existence. It required a successful technique and the right approach, which were both supplied to a certain extent by Abanindranath Tagore, though his works suffered from the weaknesses inherent in any revivalist art movement. In the chapter on "Art and the Unconscious" he discusses the specific contributions of Rabindranath Tagore to Indian art and a tendency to understand the principles of modern art. Of Amrita Shergil, with her Western background, he has rightly observed that though deeply influenced by Cezanne and Gauguin her responses to their pictures come in a manner which is firmly and decisively her own. In his chapter on "Art and the Primitive" he has carefully analyzed the various factors in the art of Jamini Roy. In the chapter on "Art and Romance" he has something pertinent to say about the development of the art of George Keyt.

There is no doubt that this is a brilliantly written book and fine and carefully chosen plates add greatly to its charm.

MOTI CHANDRA

Love, Sex and Society. By E. R. MATTHEWS. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 199 pp. 1959. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Dr. Matthews, formerly a general practitioner and now practising as a psychotherapist, has written a book which should be of great use to schoolmasters and other people called upon to deal with adolescent sexual problems. Nevertheless it would be an error to call this merely another book about sex, for it is more than this. Dr. Matthews is an idealist and he has a much broader message for his readers than the title of his book suggests. This message is summarized in the last paragraph of his postscript:—

> Whatever happens, and whatever the circumstances which you may be called upon to endure, cling tenaciously to your ideals even if everything else must be jettisoned. While you maintain your faith in those values which are eternal and indestructible, no disaster, however great, can bring human history to an end. Only despair can defeat you, and only by holding on to those things which are "true and of good report" can you keep despair at bay.

I commend this book to those for whom it was written.

KENNETH WALKER

A Century of Humorous Verse: 1850-1950. Edited by ROGER LANCELYN GREEN. (Everyman's Library, 813. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. xxiv + 289 pp. 1959. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

The anthologist is a target for critics — and other anthologists. Why did he put this in? Why did he leave that out? And the compiler of a book such as this, which is intended to amuse, and is offered deliberately as pastime reading to provoke laughter, has one of the most difficult of all editorial jobs. For nothing "dates" so quickly as humour, especially humour in verse, and few forms of the minor literary arts are so personal.

The chosen hundred years for this new anthology are 1850 to 1950, and the editor confesses that his richest decades were those of the middle of this period, while the least satisfying were the years of our own age. Yet the reviewer must admit that he sees nothing funny in Edward Lear's "The Cummerbund: an Indian Poem," or in the same humorist's "Sonnet" (misdated in error 1953). To his taste some of the "Stray Verses" of the appendix seem scarcely worth resurrecting; and his response to the section of Limericks was to try to remember the authentic, traditional versions. This must not be taken as adverse criticism, but merely as an example of the impossibility of pleasing all readers all the time.

It will suffice to sum up that this addition filling a gap in a famous series will serve its purpose — until it is replaced by another selection, equally unequal, to suit the taste of a later generation. Meanwhile we may be thankful that so much that we want in one handy volume is here to delight us: G. K. Chesterton's laughing "Song against Grocers" (we could have done with more of G.K.C.); Sir John Squire's sharp parody of Pope (we looked in vain for the ballade "I'm not so think as you drunk I am"); and a fair choice of Hilaire Belloc's good-humoured fun. And there are many other good things, some of which may be little known to the general reader.

F. SEYMOUR SMITH

Soldiers of the Word: The Story of the American Bible Society. By JOHN M. GIBSON. (Philosophical Library, New York. 304 pp. 1958. $3.75)

One may find a copy of the Bible supplied by the American Bible Society in the most unlikely places. Open a drawer in the dressing table of your hotel room and one will be there. Return to your cabin and one will have found its way in through the porthole. Even here in Sarnath a copy has been picked up!

This book tells the history of the Society from its founding in 1816, but it scarcely fulfils the promise of the publisher's blurb that the history of the Society has been closely linked with the history of the United States. Certainly the Civil War and the recent world wars played their part in its story, but history would not seem to have affected it more than it has any form of institution and the reader who hopes for a "historical" story in that sense will be disappointed. To adherents of the American Bible Society, doubtless, this book will be welcome but it can scarcely be expected, from its very subject-matter, to have a wide popular appeal. There is much dry detail in it, uninteresting to the general reader, whose attention can, however, be stimulated periodically by such points as the early effort to translate the Bible into the language of Red Indian tribes, the stories of widows' mites when the Society was crying out for funds; the unexpected co-operation of the Roman Catholic clergy at first and their later antagonism; the dispute over whether the Negro slaves of the

South should be given Bibles; and the difficulties of making a Chinese translation when the Chinese language lacked forms for Christian concepts. Anecdotes enliven the duller parts and one cannot but be impressed by the courage of the pioneers and of the later so-called colporteurs or distributors, some of whom lost their lives while carrying the gospel to dangerous parts.

The writing is readable, but marred by the occasional use of the colloquial forms of contraction, such as "didn't" and slang terms like "booze" in straight prose. On the whole this is a book for those whose interests lie that way, but not likely to gain many readers outside the United States.

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, October 24th, 1959

THE BRITISH have enjoyed the grandest summer that they have known for many decades. It is something which will be remembered by everyone who has experienced it to the last day of his life. Attached to the memory of the wonderful summer will be the General Election, which has proved a decisive turning-point in the political history of the country.

It is not the fact that the Conservative Party won a majority of exactly 100 seats that has made the General Election so outstanding. In 1945 the Labour Party achieved a far larger majority — indeed, the largest ever recorded. The most important fact is undoubtedly that socialism has been repudiated by the electorate, and that the Labour Party is admittedly now faced with the debate whether it must abandon socialism for a different economic policy.

The great increase in the number of votes registered for the Liberal Party has a quaint side to it. The Liberal revival has been achieved without a policy, and now the Liberal leader, Mr. Joseph Grimond, and his colleagues have publiicly acknowledged the fact that they are looking out for a policy to be presented at the next General Election.

The British people have a reputation for a slight measure of eccentricity, and some aspects of the General Election justify the mild indictment. But there is another remarkable fact to be recorded. It is that the result of the election was in doubt till the last moment, because in the closing stages of the campaign, the percentage of "Don't Knows" — that is to say, the people who told party canvassers and "pollsters" that they did not know how they would vote — suddenly rose to the unprecedented proportion of twenty per cent.

There is now, however, no doubt in anybody's mind as to what the large percentage of "Don't Knows" implied. These are the people who knew which way they would vote, and merely kept their secret. They have thereby spiked the guns of the "pollsters," although the newspapers are full of claims by persons who say that their polls of opinion were correct.

The large number of electors who decided that they would not disclose how they would vote brings to light a fact which is very significant. It is that, although this is a free country, the expression of political opinions can lead to various forms of victimization. People in business — shopkeepers, for instance — make it a golden rule not to take part in politics, and it must be plainly stated that the proportion of

people who are really free to take part in politics is very small.

It is in that fact that the strength of the existing political parties lies. People are willing to join one of the three political parties, because there is a certain measure of protection for one's business or professional interests in belonging to one of the three parties. But anyone who would strike out an independent line in politics becomes the target of victimization not only by adherents of the three political parties but also by forces which for reasons best known to themselves are alarmed at independence of thought in politics.

The overwhelming victory of the Conservative Party has driven the crushing defeat sustained by Sir Oswald Mosley in North Kensington into the remotest part of the background, but it is an event which deserves to be singled out for notice. He came at the bottom of the poll — with a paltry 2,000 votes, forfeiting his deposit — out of a contest in which there were candidates of all the three parties. His defeat is a conclusive repudiation of the policy for which he stood — that is, the exclusion of coloured people from the United Kingdom and the treatment of all coloured people as inferiors to white people. If Sir Oswald has any modicum of political insight, he should now withdraw to his farm in Ireland and abandon his ambition of leading a crusade against the coloured races.

Mr. Harold Macmillan, in announcing the date of the General Election, declared that he had chosen the 8th of October because the holding of a summit conference was near at hand. But the hopes of an early summit conference have been dashed to the ground by the blunt refusal of General de Gaulle to agree to one before the spring, and then, too, only if he considers the conditions satisfactory.

The declaration of the French Government shows that it does not share the optimism in Washington or in London or accept the view that there has been a real change of heart in Moscow. In short, General de Gaulle wants Mr. Khrushchev to give proofs of a change of heart before the Western Powers agree to a summit conference.

The obstinacy of General de Gaulle is being interpreted as a demonstration by him that the United States and the United Kingdom need to take account of him and that France is not prepared to trail behind her more powerful allies.

The acid test of the Soviet attitude towards the Western Powers is disarmament. Whether Mr. Khrushchev means what he has said on disarmament will soon be brought to light when his proposal for total disarmament and unrestricted control comes up for examination and discussion.

Meanwhile, the eulogy that the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, has pronounced upon the Russian proposal deserves the highest respect and admiration. It is bound to make a profound impression in the Soviet Union. The Russians are habituated to looking upon the Christian Churches in the free world as their unrelenting enemies, and the warm welcome given by the head of the Church of England to the Russian proposal for total disarmament must bring home to them the true spirit of the free world.

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Delivering the first of a series of lectures on the Great Books of the World at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, Professor M. Yamunacharya, who was speaking on the *Bhagavad-Gita,* declared that it is a textbook of the perennial philosophy. This, the speaker said, was the tribute paid by Aldous Huxley in his introduction to the latest translation of the *Gita*. The *Gita* is not a book of a particular time or period but of all time. It is not an abstract thesis meant only for the learned but also an inspiration for the common man. The speaker compared the *Gita* to a diamond with its many facets. The *Gita,* he felt, is essentially the story of a young man in pursuit of glory and power who suddenly realizes the futility of these and is plunged into a spiritual conflict. The battle of Kurukshetra is not an ordinary battle but the battle of man to attain spirituality and the real values of life. Innate in man are the three qualities, *Sattwa, Rajas,* and *Tamas,* and the *Gita* tells us that we should transcend all these, for human affection must be directed upwards to the highest.

Shri K. Guru Dutt presided over the meeting.

Speaking on "The Modern View of Shakespeare," Mr. G. R. Tribe of the British Council felt that this took into consideration "the not so modern view of Shakespeare as well." Referring to the Bradleyan view of Shakespeare, Mr. Tribe said that although it was an invaluable view in itself there was something more to Shakespeare than a mere study of characters in action. Taking *Macbeth* as an example, he pointed out that the conspicuous absence of Macbeth's children either meant that Shakespeare was extraordinarily careless or else that we are taking the wrong view of the play. He felt it was a play of Good against Evil, and not one that dealt with inheritance. Mr. Tribe felt that each incident and character in the plays of Shakespeare is like a bar in a musical composition contributing to the beauty of the theme. Through the poetry of his plays the reader reaches out into the mind of the dramatist and the theme. With various illustrations from *Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, Troilus and Cressida* and *Hamlet* it was pointed out that to Shakespeare anything against nature was evil.

Answering questions, the speaker suggested that appreciation of Shakespeare increases with age and maturity. Shri V. T. Srinivasan, Principal of the Vijaya College, who presided over the lecture, deprecated the practice of studying Shakespeare for the sake of examinations. He felt too that no particular view of Shakespeare could be said to be the correct one but that the general idea given by a study of all the views would be nearer the truth.

Speaking on the Bible, Dr. Kendrick Grobel, Visiting Professor at the United Theological College, Bangalore, declared that the beauty of the Bible lay in its simplicity. This was the second lecture in the Great Books of the World series. Dr. Grobel defined a great book as a book which contains truth for all times. He also felt that although the Bible was not written for the sake of beauty one finds in it a lasting impression of beauty. The Bible is not a single book but a library of

sixty-six books. Some of these run to nearly 120 pages while others are small enough to be contained in half a page. The Bible can be said to be the well spring of at least three religions of the world. Reading out several passages from a much used old Bible presented to him by his mother when he was twelve years old, Dr. Grobel illustrated the combination of beauty and ethics which runs throughout the Bible.

Dr. C. S. Paul, who presided over the meeting, agreed with the speaker in saying that in an age of co-existence one must also know something about religions other than his own.

The third lecture in the series on the Great Books of the World was delivered by Professor S. K. Ramachandra Rao. The speaker felt that the *Dhammapada* is an excellent introduction to the Buddha's teachings. It drives home forcibly the principles of the great master's teachings. Professor Ramachandra Rao felt that it supplied the link between the high ideals of the Buddha and the lower powers of perception of common men. The book attaches much importance to the mind and its capacity to influence reactions of good and evil around it. Describing the various attempts to translate the word *Dhammapada,* the speaker said that the original meaning as found in Buddhaghosha is "the step to virtue." Here the self is used as a step to attain the higher ideals of life.

Shri B. V. Narayana Reddy presided over the lecture.

The rebirth of the well-known literary weekly *John O' London's* after its lamented demise five years ago has taken place, under new ownership, with the issue of October 8th, 1959. It is too early as yet to see how the infant will shape, but it has many prominent names among its contributors, and more announced for the future. It certainly fills a need, since the mortality among newspapers and cultural periodicals during the past three or four decades has been very heavy.

J. B. Priestley, in the opening article, concludes that conditions, forty years back, were actually more propitious for the young writer in London. Though pay was poorer, it brought him more of the real, necessary amenities, and though films, radio and TV were still *terra incognita,* the demands made by the much wider range of periodicals offering opportunities were not nearly as exhausting and wearying as those of the latter-day means of communication. It is true that the cult of youth today focuses the limelight of publicity and "success" on nineteen-year-olds, that it aids beginners with grants, travelling fellowships, etc., and cushions material conditions in some ways, to levels undreamt of by the earlier struggling writers. Nevertheless something is missing. The earlier young writers had, Priestley claims, what the present-day youngsters lack — the genuine warmth and stimulation of the atmosphere of London's literary past. It had friendliness and intimacy instead of the sour, jealous "rat race" of today, and he hopes that something of that atmosphere of friendship can also be recreated in the new cycle of publication. It is a hope to be seconded, for what desperately need to be brought forward in a materialistic civilization are the enduring intangible soul values. Friendship is indeed desirable, but it can only grow from right conceptions, a right philosophy of life.

Experiments are being made in various places with atom-irradiated plants. Austin Hatton (*News Chronicle,* London, October 19th-20th, 1959) writes that, some fourteen years ago, an endeavour was made in North Carolina, U.S.A.,

to produce a disease-and-pest-resisting peanut plant by passing 18,500 röntgen X-ray units through the nuts (so that they did not themselves become radio-active). These, when sown, produced a strain of plants with the desired resistance, with nuts three times the normal size, in three times the normal quantity and with a muted peanut flavour. Among the people to whom specimens were sent was Mrs. Howorth, founder of the Institute of Atomic Information, Great Britain, which is concerned with the peaceful uses of atomic energy. She and other scientifically-minded volunteers are growing the peanuts for further investigation, and irradiated tomatoes and sweet corn as well, recording minutely their activity. A tomato plant, it is claimed, growing through the autumn in her sunny flat, will bear 40 tomatoes, "each twice the normal size and shaped like a banana."

Researchers are also investigating the sterilization of food by atomic energy, so as to prolong its keeping qualities. A potato subjected two years ago to atomic radiation looks completely fresh, while another, of the same age, is shrivelled and useless. The Institute of Atomic Information also covers the medical and industrial uses of atomic energy, chiefly diagnosis and testing, but the projects of food preservation and increased food production are Mrs. Howorth's most cherished ideas, since she feels that by these two atomic techniques we can solve the problem of providing food for the "famine" countries. The atomic preservation of food has not appealed to commercial organizations, since the treated food *loses its taste*. Mrs. Howorth thinks this will not matter for hungry people. Yet taste is the very essence or "soul" of food, and who can say what "starvation" its lack will produce, all the empiric benevolent welfare hopes notwithstanding?

Laurence Easterbrook (*News Chronicle*, October 21st, 1959) sums up with his usual sanity. If he is sceptical of the claims made, it is, he says, because the whole history of food production is strewn with exploded panaceas, that proved to be as harmful as, if not more so than, the original evil. Twenty-three years ago, the spraying of fruit orchards was going to destroy pests for good, and so increase output. Today growers "can ascribe some of their worst troubles to the introduction of spraying as a general matter of routine in 1926." The use of antibiotics for fattening pigs has not fulfilled the large claims made, while the treatment of fatstock with sex hormones for better meat has been hurriedly dropped. Apart from other factors it may have a link with the high incidence of coronary thrombosis. With all the "improvements" we may live longer today, but he doubts whether as many people are as actively healthy as they used to be. Certainly the hospital population (and especially in mental hospitals) has increased alarmingly. He writes that

> we are terribly ignorant. We haven't an inkling of how the great forces of life and growth operate. . . . I would suggest that anything so fundamental as the application of nuclear radiation to food requires years of careful observation before we should dare to adopt it as part of our general scheme of living.

If after a mere fourteen years' experimentation "from scratch" the results seem magical, the researchers, and especially those with a one-eyed, short-sighted materialistic philosophy, are still in the position of the sorcerer's apprentice, who started his master's magic working, without knowing how to control the effects it brought about. Good intentions are not enough, and tradition may hold more for us than mechanisms. What, for example, is the mystery of "green fingers" that encourage plant growth naturally?

ART FOR WORLD FRIENDSHIP

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM, an organization founded in 1915 to "study, make known and abolish the causes of war," believes firmly that "in hearts too young for enmity there lies the hope to make men free."

That is the current slogan of the League's Art for World Friendship scheme. This scheme began in Delaware, County Pennsylvania, in 1946, as a purely local project, but, inspired by the suggestion of a speaker at a UNESCO conference that artists of the world exchange their work, Mrs. Maude Muller and a few League friends conceived the idea of an exchange of pictures by children, about children and for children. They got in touch with school authorities and overseas friends, and launched an exchange painting project for children.

Groups of children of all ages send original pictures in any medium, *e.g.*, crayon, paint, pencil or charcoal, to a central depot. Here they are sorted and redistributed all over the world. Every individual child who has sent a picture receives in exchange a picture drawn by a child of the same age, and from another land.

Some are selected and mounted to form permanent exhibits which travel as good-will ambassadors wherever they go.

Since 1956 the North Carolina branch of the W.I.L.P.F., has been conducting a successful inter-racial children's art class, but a child does not necessarily have to be particularly talented to participate in the scheme.

The main object is to make personal contacts between children of different cultures, countries and beliefs, so that understanding and tolerance may develop. Pen-friendships often spring up between young artists, leading sometimes to an exchange of holiday visits, which often have limitless and enduring value. Children learn that basically their interests, needs and desires are the same, no matter where they happen to live.

Art for World Friendship has been adopted as part of the educational system of Denmark, Norway, Italy, India, Israel and Holland. Where remote rural schools in underdeveloped areas are eager to take part but cannot afford the necessary materials, drawing paper, crayons, etc., are provided free and postage is often paid from the fund especially created for this purpose.

The Honorary International Chairman of Art for World Friendship is Shrimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit.

Further details can be obtained from Mrs. Maude Muller, Friendly Acres, Media, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., or Miss H. Walmesley, 138, Oak Tree Lane, Birmingham 29, England.

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